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Daily Mirror

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PORTRAIT
of the
YEAR."

(See page 6.)

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One Halfpenny.

NEW CHIMPANZEES.



This photograph and the one below are of the two new chimpanzees which have just been presented to the Zoological Society by Mr. Stanley C.—



—Tompkins, of Entebbe. They were obtained in the Bagamo Forest, on the eastern side of Lake Albert, and are probably the largest chimpanzees ever imported into this country.

JAP MINES AT PORT ARTHUR.



Japanese soldiers digging up the ground near Port Arthur to lay land mines.

CAMBRIDGE FRESHMEN'S SPORTS.



The finish for the 200 yards race in the Cambridge Freshmen's Sports. Won by L. J. P. Jolly, of St. John's College.

THE HORSHAM ELECTION.



Mr. Lestock R. Erskine, the Free Trade candidate at yesterday's election at Horsham. The result of the poll will be declared this afternoon.—(Healy, Horsham.)

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Mrs. Horobin (widow of the late Principal Horobin, of Homerton College, Cambridge) and Mr. Cloudeley Brereton, who are to be married to-day. Mr. Brereton quite recently contributed a long letter to the "Times" on "The Growing Handicap of Marriage."

NEW STYLE OF EVENING DRESS.



Count Carteville, who wishes to popularise knee-breeches for evening wear, has created some sensation by appearing at the theatres in this attire.—("Tailor and Cutter.")

RUSSIAN MOLTKE DEAD.

Famous General Succumbs to Disease.

PORT ARTHUR RUMOUR.

Is the Fortress on the Eve of Capitulation?

JAPAN AND KING EDWARD.

Russia has had the supreme misfortune to lose one of her ablest and bravest generals.

At this critical period of the war General Gripenberg, who was on the point of leaving St. Petersburg to assume the command of the second Manchurian army, has died of apoplexy.

The deceased general had the reputation of being the ablest strategical leader in the Russian Army, and much was hoped from his co-operation with General Kuropatkin.

His record of service was a long and distinguished one. He fought in the Crimea, and led the famous Moscow guards through the Russo-Turkish war.

The Tsar, in appointing him to the post of honour he was never destined to fill, employed the following language:—

While leaving the command of one of my armies in the hands of General Kuropatkin, I appoint you to command the second. Your years of service, your warlike exploits, and your wide experience fit you for this. God bless you for your great and glorious services to me and to Russia.—Your affectionate NICHOLAS.

No confirmation has yet been received of the report that General Stoessel has asked for an armistice.

Yesterday it was stated that Port Arthur had surrendered, but the message came through Italian channels, and past experience has proved that little reliance can be placed upon information from that quarter.

NO SURRENDER.

Russian Belief That Stoessel Will Never Capitulate.

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Echo de Paris" states that the report that General Stoessel has asked for an armistice is still unsubstantiated.

The opinion is expressed in the Russian capital that, should the statement be true, the truce is probably required to enable the combatants to bury their dead.

The suggestion that General Stoessel's object is to negotiate with a view to capitulation is ridiculed.—Exchange.

KING EDWARD'S BIRTHDAY FETE.

GENERAL OKU'S HEADQUARTERS (via Fusan), Friday.—On King Edward's birthday the attachés' quarters were en fête, through the hospitality of General Oku, Prince Nashimoto, and Marshal Oyama. The war correspondents took part in the primitive Japanese dances, and wrestling succeeded. Colonel Tulloch received congratulations on behalf of the British.—Reuter.

SKRYDLOFF MEETS KUROPATKIN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—A telegram from Mukden of yesterday's date states that Admiral Skrydloff, after making a short stay there, proceeded to Gutsiatsi, south of Mukden, in order to confer with General Kuropatkin. The Admiral will probably remain three days with the army.—Reuter.

BATTLE EXPECTED IN MANCHURIA.

PARIS, Friday.—The correspondent of the "Journal" at St. Petersburg says that General Kaubars, in the course of conversation with him, declared that the present lull in the operations in Manchuria would not last many days. Hostilities would not be suspended on account of the winter.—Reuter.

RUSSIA OBJECTS TO MEDIATION.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, yesterday said: "I can announce that I have good reason to believe that my Government's emphatic opposition to any mediation at this time will be respected and observed by all neutral Powers."—Reuter.

To prevent rats getting on board ships, said Dr. Hope, of Liverpool, at a meeting yesterday of the Port Sanitary Authorities, discs were placed on the mooring ropes, but he had seen a snapshot showing the rats climbing the discs.

NO INSULT TO THE FLAG.

Russian Press Views of Lord Lansdowne's Speech.

There is marked diversity of opinion in the Russian Press regarding Lord Lansdowne's speech at the Guildhall banquet.

On one point, however, all are agreed—namely, that the action of the Baltic Fleet in attacking defenceless Hull fishermen did not constitute an insult to the British flag.

"If," argues the "Novoye Vremya," "a British ship were struck by a postman during a demonstration in Paris, no one would think of describing the affair as an insult to the flag."

"It is evident that Lord Lansdowne is a neophyte in diplomacy, and is not accustomed to weigh his words spoken in public."

The "Russ" approves the general tone of the speech, but says that "for us the evidence of our officers is natural of far greater importance than that of the Hull fishermen."

"The conduct of several of the latter has been very suspicious, but we do not for that reason accuse them of assisting the assailants of the Baltic Fleet."

In the opinion of the "Sviet" Lord Lansdowne's words do not correspond with the facts. If war was unnecessary why was the British fleet mobilised? Lord Lansdowne did not deny the presence of Japanese torpedo-boats among the fishing fleet.

ACCIDENT OR INCIDENT?

Sinister Meaning Attached to a Russian Official Order.

The Moscow correspondent of the "Standard," writing under the date of November 4, suggests that the attack on the fishing fleet was an arranged affair. In proof of his theory he quotes an official order, which appeared in all Russian papers of November 4.

His contention is summed up in the following words:—

"That the 'incident' with the fishing fleet was intentional can hardly be doubted after reading the order, which I give literally translated: 'The Admiral-General has expressed his thanks to the Commanders of the cruisers Dnieper and Rion, Post-Captains Skulsky and Trojan, for the admirable manner in which they carried out the commission entrusted to them, as also to the officers and crew.'"

"The Admiral-General is the Grand Duke Alexis, uncle of the Tsar, and the cruisers thus commended will be better known in England as the ex-Volunteer Fleet ships Peterburg and Smolensk."

"These ships have not been out of port since they changed their names, and the formal expression of the Grand Duke Alexis's thanks can only refer to the skill and persistence with which they contrived to hamper British ships while avoiding other nationals."

"There is hardly reasonable room for doubt, after such an order, that the Baltic Fleet was also in possession of a similar 'commission.'"

CABINET MEETING HELD YESTERDAY.

Another meeting of the Cabinet was held at noon yesterday. The meeting-place was again at 10, Downing-street, owing to the inability of the Prime Minister to leave his room, although he is still progressing favourably. All the Ministers were present except the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The Cabinet rose shortly before two o'clock.

MIDSHIPMAN KILLED.

Crushed by the Fall of an Armoured Door.

GIBRALTAR, Friday.—Midshipman Ronald Megaw, of H.M. battleship Montagu, has met with a fatal accident.

It appears that while he was walking down the hatchway leading to the machine passage he held on to the big armoured door of the hatch, which suddenly dropped, killing him on the spot.—Reuter.

UNIVERSITY REVOLUTION.

Less Classics and Better Knowledge of Modern Languages.

A most important report was circulated yesterday by the syndicate of Cambridge University appointed to consider what changes are desirable in the studies at the university.

The effect is that the syndicate consider Greek may be an optional subject. It is proposed to include in Part I. of the "prelims" examination French and German, and to fix the standard as difficult as those in Greek and Latin.

The paper on "Paley's Evidences" will be discontinued. In Part III. English composition is a compulsory subject, and it is intended to introduce a further test of the power of writing good English.

A new feature will be papers on English history and natural science.

KING CARLOS'S VISIT.

Imposing Naval Display and London Decorations.

King Carlos of Portugal and his Queen arrive at Portsmouth on Tuesday forenoon, and very imposing will be the naval display to worthily welcome their Majesties to our shores.

Warships will be stationed at intervals across the Channel. Four cruisers and two destroyers will escort the royal yacht from Cherbourg, and outside the Isle of Wight all the destroyers from Portland will join the royal convoy.

At Spithead a fleet of twenty warships will salute their Majesties. As the royal yacht enters Portsmouth the garrison batteries will boom their welcome.

The Prince of Wales will receive the royal guests in the name of the King, and lunch will be taken on the King's yacht. At half-past one the royal party will leave by special train for Windsor.

London is getting ready for the royal visit to the Guildhall on Thursday.

Their Majesties will pass through four metropolitan boroughs—Paddington, Westminster, Marylebone, and Holborn—and the respective mayors will, at appropriate points, present addresses.

A scheme of lavish decorations has been arranged. In Westminster £200 will be raised for this purpose by public subscriptions, and the other boroughs will draw upon the rates for the adornment of the streets.

In the City the decorations promise to be very effective, and all that remains to make the pageant picturesque is a fine day.

The Lord Mayor will receive the royal visitors in the Library, and the City address of welcome will be read by the Recorder. Invitations have been issued for luncheon to 815 personages of distinction.

"PROPHET" LEADS A REVOLT.

Source of All the Trouble in German South-West Africa.

The revolt in German South-West Africa is now attributed to the machinations of a native prophet from Cape Colony.

His followers believe that he has been sent by a higher power, and they declare that victory is assured to them.

They are indifferent, says Reuter, to the fate of their countrymen who are held prisoners by the Germans, since it is dependent on a higher will.

Lieutenant Boettlin's patrol has had successful engagements with some Hottentot bands, numbering in all eighty rifles, under the sub-captain Enab.

The bands withdrew towards the Upper Packmar district, to an apparently entrenched position.

Lieutenant Graeff's scouting column, consisting of the 10th Company, with two machine-guns, which had been joined by First Lieutenant von Benivegn's patrol, encountered and defeated a number of large Herero bands on the 6th inst. to the north of Otjomuho.

The enemy were pursued, and lost twelve killed. Five rifles were captured.

BISHOP'S CURSE.

Stern Reproof Administered by the Kaiser.

Details of the quarrel between the Kaiser and the Bishop of Metz, who declared a cemetery desecrated because of the burial of a Protestant in it, have now been published.

The Bishop sought audience of the Emperor, who addressed him in terms of strong reproof. "You have cursed a cemetery situated on German soil, the German soil over which I rule. Do not forget, your reverence, that I, as German Emperor, will never tolerate that even one inch of German soil should be cursed (verflucht)—no, not one inch. It is a Bishop's duty to bless, and the moment you begin to curse you cease to be fit for your high position."

When the Bishop, in confusion, stammered that he had withdrawn his curse, the Emperor went on: "That was the best thing you could do for yourself. I should not have received you again. Do not try to make excuses. Serve God to the best of your knowledge, but do not forget that you have also to serve your country and your King."

FLIGHT FROM FIRE IN NIGHTDRESSES.

Clad only in their nightdresses, two ladies, a Miss Smith and a friend, and their servant, had to rush forth from a burning house at Ramsgate yesterday morning into a gale of wind and rain.

The scene of the fire, Harcourt House, is a large villa in South Eastern-road, and so rapidly did the flames take hold that the firemen were only able to save one room from being gutted.

Mr. Clive Winter, well known in Norwich religious circles, committed suicide yesterday by throwing himself from the Britannia Pier at Yarmouth.

"DAILY MIRROR"

MATINEE HAT.

Ideal Model to Please Both Men and Women.

LADY DUFF-GORDON'S DESIGN.

That plague of the playhouse, the matinee hat, has a happy future before it.

Instead of being banished from the theatre, it has now been remodelled at the instance of the *Daily Mirror*, and perpetuated in a convenient and becoming form.

This, at any rate, is what the *Daily Mirror* hopes to have accomplished by its model matinee hat, pictures of which appear on page 9.

Lady Duff-Gordon, the inventor of the emotional gown, is the designer, and our readers will agree that she has produced exactly the matinee hat playgoers have waited many years to see.

It is a crowning triumph of millinery, a "thing of beauty" which should silence for ever the objections of the critics, while at the same time it will spare the wearer those nervous pangs which have hitherto been felt when some hat-hater behind has whispered in her ear, "Please, madame, be so good as to remove your hat."

The model matinee hat is neither very small nor very large. It is flat on top, and yet it gives the effect of height in front, so becoming to the face.

Does Not Obstruct the View.

Though it looks wide, there is nothing in the whole conception to interfere in any way with the view of the individual in the rear.

The hat is a creation formed of looped bows of scarlet velvet forming a sort of cap. Over these loops is thrown an exquisite black lace veil, caught in simply at the back, with a cut steel buckle, and then flowing away carelessly behind.

The velvet fits lightly and closely, yet not tightly, on to the hair, and the lace gives the finishing touch of grace. The whole thing is uniform and graceful in outline, and one great merit, besides its lightness, is that it can be folded up and put neatly away in a pocket or handbag, emerging as fresh and unharmed as when it came from the hands of the milliner.

There is no type of face which can fail to look its best when crowned by this graceful headgear. It is so charming that the most capricious individual would not have the will or the wish to ask for its removal.

ROYAL WORKERS FOR THE POOR.

Woolen Scarves and Mittens from Princess of Wales's Children.

Among the many articles of warm clothing on view at the exhibition of the London Needlework Guild, which opened at the Imperial Institute yesterday, were several proofs of practical loyal sympathy with the poor.

A pile of winter garments had been sent by the King and Queen, while perhaps the most interesting exhibit was a blue woollen petticoat worked by the Princess of Wales.

Other treasured contributions consist of woollen scarves worked by the boyish hands of Prince Edward and Prince Alfred. There are also mittens knitted by little Princess Mary.

No articles are sold at these exhibitions, all the things going to parochial charities, missions, hospitals, and homes in London.

"I CAME TO STEAL YOU."

Former Lover Charged with Breaking Into His Sweetheart's House.

A dramatic defence to a charge of housebreaking was set up by James Louis Bland, a marine engineer, at Derby yesterday.

The prosecutor's wife, a good-looking young woman, admitted that prisoner was a former sweetheart, that she once eloped with him, and that he had let himself into the house before during her husband's absence.

She had, however, completely broken with him. The Prisoner: The only thing worth stealing there was you. I came to steal you.

The magistrate dismissed the case, but the prisoner was immediately rearrested on a charge of theft at Hull.

CAPTAIN WASHED OVERBOARD

The crews of two vessels which arrived at Dover yesterday met with terrible experiences during the recent gale in the Channel.

During the height of the storm Captain Butler and a seaman named Tucker, of the English schooner Zephyr, were washed overboard and drowned. The Belgian steamer Flandia landed one of the crew, who was injured by a heavy sea, the vessels were badly damaged.

A Dutch warship and a French schooner were in collision off Prawle Point yesterday morning.

Eight hundredweight of tobacco in packages had been washed ashore near Calais.

LIKE SIAMESE TWINS.

Two Girls Joined by a Living Bond.

STRANGE DOUBLE LIVES.

A strange Siamese-twin-like couple have just come to London, and yesterday, in a quiet little hotel, the two halves of the quaint personality told the *Daily Mirror* all about themselves.

They are of Bohemian parentage, and are named Rosa and Josefa Blazek. The Misses—or should it be Miss?—Blazek each look like ordinary human beings, but they are joined together by an inseparable bond of flesh and blood extending from just above to just below the hip.

They are more nearly back to back than side by side, and when speaking to each other they have to turn their heads inwards.

But, strange to say, they have not the same nature, do not always like the same things or people, and sometimes have very different wishes.

Some Awkward Situations.

Miss Rosa was the speaker at the interview. She is a trifle thinner than her other half, and more vivacious in manner, otherwise the two are almost exactly the same in height and general appearance.

"We are quite satisfied with our lot," she said, "and generally get on well together. We, of course, have our little disagreements. For instance, Josefa is terribly lazy. It is very hard to get her out of bed in the morning. I always like to be up early, but," half pathetically, "you see I have to wait."

"But I had the laugh of her a little time ago. I caught influenza and had to spend a week in bed. Josefa had, willy-nilly, to stay there also. It was hard on her but very nice for me. The odd thing is that she did not catch it."

"Are our tastes the same? Oh, dear no. Take flowers. I love roses. Josefa's favourite is the modest violet. And we like different foods, too. The annoying thing is when I want to take exercise and Josefa wants to rest."

Must Take Two Railway Tickets.

Rosa was asked, "Are you one person or two in the eyes of the railway companies?"

"I am sorry to say we are two," she replied. "We fought it, but we got beaten. Yes, we have travelled a good deal. We have seen Berlin, Paris, and other great cities of the world."

"Our father and mother are quite normal, and we have an elder sister also normal."

The twins are violin and dulcimer players, and they will shortly appear at the Metropolitan Music-Hall.

LICENCE FOR EXETER HALL.

L.C.C. Committee and the Mission's Music.

Two new music-hall licences were granted to houses in the south of London by the Licensing Committee of the L.C.C., which held a sitting at the Newington Sessions House yesterday.

The old Surrey Theatre was granted a music-hall licence upon condition that the old stage-play licence was abandoned and that no intoxicating drink would be sold; and a music-hall licence was granted for the Metropole Theatre, Camberwell, upon the same conditions.

For Saller's Wells Theatre a music-hall licence was also granted.

An application for a music licence for Exeter Hall was adjourned for the preparation of plans for fresh exits.

The trustees stated that the demand for these exits was based on an over-estimate of the seating accommodation, and they were asked to meet the committee next week to discuss the matter.

Messrs. Lyons and Co. were granted a music licence for their new restaurant, the Blenheim, in New Bond-street.

An application for a music-hall licence for the Lewisham Palace of Varieties, which it was proposed to build in the Lewisham High-road, was refused.

THE KING'S SHOOTING PARTY.

The King and several of his guests obtained some excellent shooting at Sandringham yesterday. The whole party breaks up on Monday, when his Majesty returns to town.

Our Windsor correspondent telegraphs that preparations are being made at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, for the unveiling by the King next week of the memorial erected to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the brigade of Guards who fell in the South African war.

Sentenced to three months' hard labour at the Thames Police Court, under the Vagrancy Act, Frederick Day said he wanted to go to gaol to see the winter over.

MISOGYNIST'S WEDDING.

"Marriage Handicap" Philosopher To Be Married To-Day.

Cupid has a sweet revenge in the marriage at Cambridge to-day of Mr. Cloudeley Breerton to Mrs. Maud Adelaide Horobin, widow of the late Mr. Horobin, the principal of Homerton College.

Mr. Breerton, as the author of "The Marriage Handicap," had acquired a national reputation as a misogynist, and was generally supposed to be the last man in the world to take unto himself a wife—a second wife indeed, for Mr. Breerton is a widower.

The marriage will be solemnised at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, and Mr. Breerton and his bride, who is at present bursar at the college, will make their home in the university town, where the gifted Mrs. Horobin has long been greatly esteemed.

The bride will be given away by her brother, and Mr. Breerton's brother will act as best man.

At the conclusion of the service the couple will drive direct to the station for Barnardiston Hall, Haverhill, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Mr. Breerton is the second widower Mrs. Horobin has married, and in winning the "convert to matrimony" long life and happiness, Cambridge regards the event in the light of a signal compliment to the married state, despite the lugubriousness of "The Marriage Handicap."

STAG IN THE THAMES.

Lassoed from Boats After an Exciting Hunt at Kingston.

An unusual scene was witnessed at Surbiton when the West Surrey Stag Hunt finished their opening run of the season.

The stag, after giving its pursuers a long run through Thames Ditton and Long Ditton, turned towards the Thames and plunged into the stream by the end of the promenade at Surbiton.

The beast swam boldly down stream, but local watermen quickly lunched their boats, and, after a chase, the stag was lassoed opposite St. Raphael's Church, Kingston.

It was taken to a stable in Kingston, and eventually conveyed back to the headquarters of the hunt in the deer-cart.

CRAZY NOVELIST.

Has Bulky MS., and Says He Is Searching for an Indian's Wife.

William Selfors, who is believed to be a Norwegian novelist, who has published more than one successful book, told an extraordinary story when brought up before the Darwen magistrates.

He was, he said, in love with the wife of an Indian. He had traced her to England, and was searching for her when taken in charge.

Voluminous manuscripts and many letters were found in his possession. Among the latter was one from an American publisher, asking for copies of Mr. Selfors's works, and inquiring when his new book would be published.

Other letters led to the belief that the Norwegian owned a large estate in his own country. The doctors are of opinion that he is insane.

ARMED AGAINST COLD.

English Nurse Describes Ideal Jap Clothing.

A glowing tribute to the cold-resisting qualities of the Japanese soldiers' clothing is paid by Miss McCaul in the "British Medical Journal."

Miss McCaul, who was commissioned by Queen Alexandra to inquire into the working of the Japanese Red Cross Society, says the soldier's "cold-proof" overcoat is made of thick woollen cloth and has a large collar covered with fur. From this collar a cotton hood can be pulled out so as to cover the head, and over this can be worn another "cold-proof" hood. Hanging by cords from the neck are large mittens; they can thus be thrown off without being lost.

A sheepskin waistcoat with the wool outside is also issued for severe weather. All the rest of the clothing is of wool and very warm. The Japanese soldier seems splendidly equipped to fight the terrible cold of the Manchurian winter.

A roll of fine striped flannel of very good quality and about a yard and a half long is issued to be wound round the abdomen.

TEN 44-TON FRENCH "WASPS."

The newspapers announce, says Reuter, that M. Pelletan has signed the order to begin building ten defensive submarines of a new type.

Six of these small boats, which will not weigh more than forty-four tons, will be constructed at Cherbourg and four at Rochefort. They will be known as the "Wasps."

100 SOLDIERS POISONED.

Aldershot Visited by a Mysterious Sickness.

An alarming outbreak of sickness among the soldiers is occupying the attention of the authorities at Aldershot.

Over 100 men of the 1st Yorkshire Light Infantry were attacked, and the doctors were hastily summoned to deal with what appeared to be a serious outbreak of ptomaine poisoning.

The majority of the men recovered a few hours after treatment, but nine of them were so bad that they had to be removed to the Cambridge Hospital.

In reply to inquiries made last night it was stated that seven of the nine were out of danger, but the other two were in a critical condition.

The men who have recovered say that they ate sausages and Irish stew at the two meals they had before they were taken ill, but the medical officers are at a loss to understand what could have been the cause of the trouble.

A committee of officers has been ordered to investigate the matter and discover with whom the responsibility lies.

LOST THEIR LITTLE ALL.

Poor People Ruined by the Penny Bank Failure.

The stoppage of Maw's Penny Savings Bank, at Needham Market, in Suffolk, has thrown the whole countryside into pitiable confusion.

The small farmers and poor agricultural folk who deposited their savings in it have in many cases lost the hoardings of a lifetime.

It is pitiable to hear the sufferers tell of their troubles. One man had £100 invested, which had taken him thirteen or fourteen years to accumulate. "We can never," said his wife sadly, "do it again. It is too late for us to begin afresh."

"I worked overtime," said a father of a family, "and made a little extra money. I put it into the bank as a nest-egg for old age. And now"—he stopped abruptly, with a catch in his throat.

It is understood that Mr. Maw's affairs are in the hands of Mr. Frederick Messent, the Official Receiver of Ipswich, who will in due course call a meeting of creditors and present a statement of affairs.

MYSTERY OF A CAB.

Gigantic Clown Suddenly Springs Out of a Small Box.

There was a startling accident in Fleet-street yesterday.

As a four-wheeled cab with a small square box on its roof was nearing Ludgate-circus there was a sudden bursting sound, and two long legs shot out. A gentleman mounted the cab and tried to push them back again, and, wondering at the strange sight, a large crowd quickly gathered. The crowd became so great that all traffic was stopped, and then at last the occupant of the box was dragged out and stood erect on the cab roof, a giant in the garb of a clown.

Then, it was seen that the figure was that of the mysterious "Zukka," of the Hippodrome. Half an hour from the time of the accident a fresh box was procured, and the giant, doubled up again, continued "his" journey.

DUKE'S ANCIENT TRIBUTE.

Quaint Sunrise Ceremony Takes Place in Warwickshire.

In the neighbourhood of the Warwickshire village of Dunchurch, at sunrise yesterday morning, scores of people gathered on the gentle slopes of a grassy mound, cherishing visions of a free breakfast at the Dun Cow Inn.

They came to see or take part in one of the quaintest old ceremonies in England, known as paying the "Wroth Silver."

The ancient custom was for twenty-eight parishes of the Old Hundred of Knightlow to pay from one penny to 2s. 3d.—the total amounting to 9s. 3d.—to the agent of the Duke of Buccleuch, as lord of the manor.

Having walked three times round a memorial stone on the top of the mound, the parishioners cast their money into a cavity in the stone, and the bailiff scooped the pool.

Thereafter those who contributed sat down to a substantial breakfast as the guests of the Duke, and those who did not contribute had the option of paying 1s. 6d. for their breakfast.

The penalty for refusing to pay is the forfeiture of white bull with red tips to his ears and a red tip to his tail. But bulls like this are rare.

Two men were crushed to death by the fall of some log timber at Bootle yesterday.

On the eve of his wedding, a Norfolk wherryman, named Albert James Rushmen, fell off his craft and was drowned.

"Mrs. MAYBRICK'S LIFE IN PRISON"

IN TO-MORROW'S

"WEEKLY DISPATCH"

THE SUNDAY PAPER
WITH ALL THE NEWS

COLD LIVERPOOL CUP.

Furs and Fashions on the Aintree Course.

Cold and damp were defied at Aintree race-course yesterday, for it is an understood thing that furs and heavy coats are a necessary adjunct of the Liverpool Autumn Cup.

The arrival of Lord Derby's Knowsley party enlivened the wait before the first race with a brave spectacle of shining horses, bestridden by neat postillions.

Among those on the private stand were Lady Essex, Lady Alice Stanley, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Lord and Lady Sefton, Lady Berkeley Paget, Mrs. Rupert Beckett, Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Cole, and Colonel Hall Walker.

The race was worthy of the traditions of the famous Aintree course. Only the judge was able to separate the leaders as they flashed past the post.

His decision was received with loud cheers, when the hoisting of the numbers informed the crowd that a once-famous stable had brought off what was probably its final coup. The Grately racing establishment, where Wild Lad, the winner, was trained, is to be broken up at the end of this season.

Captain Bewicke, owner of the winner, was once foremost in the ranks of amateur riders, and is among the keenest sportsmen now upon the Turf.

WOMEN AS MOTOR-DRIVERS.

Several Now Make a Good Living as Chauffeurs.

The gentle art of motor-driving is being adopted by women as an occupation, and several in London make a good living in this way.

The editor of "Motoring Illustrated" stated yesterday that the driving of automobiles was eminently suitable work for women.

"The motor-car," he said, "is a very delicate piece of mechanism, which can be practically controlled with a touch, and that a gentle one. The touch of a woman possesses the necessary delicacy."

"The majority of chauffeurs are out-of-work blacksmiths and rough-and-ready engineers, who use the motor in such a way that it is continually in need of repair."

"Accidents with women at the helm are comparatively few, for the reason that women drive very carefully. They would much rather injure their tyres than run over a chicken, a dog, or a child."

APOSTLE OF KNICKERBOCKERS.

Count Carteville, of whom a photograph appears on page 1, desires to reform the present fashion in evening dress for men.

He thinks trousers are ugly. So he wears knee-breeches, silk stockings, and buckle-shoes.

The nobleman's idea enjoys, says the "Tailor and Cutter," the approval of his Majesty the King, and of a number of influential gentlemen would adopt it, it would soon become popular. A knickerbocker club indeed was recently formed.

PICTURE POSTCARDS AS EVIDENCE.

For the benefit of the jury in an action at Westminster County Court yesterday arising from a collision between a motor-car and a van, a barrister produced a number of picture postcards of the scene of the accident—outside the Bell Hotel, Bromley, Kent.

HOSPITAL COURTSHIP

Romance of the Wards Ends in Misery.

HOUSE SURGEON AND NURSE

"She was lying on the floor. She had got hold of my clothes, and craned her neck as if she intended to bite me, so I pushed her aside in order to get at the door to open it and let the servant in. I called to the servant to pull her hair, or pull her head back, I forget which, so that she should not bite."

As he spoke these words in the Divorce Court yesterday Dr. T. Bellamy Brooke, recently a well-known medical man at Cambridge, looked thoroughly miserable. He was describing a struggle with his wife at Cambridge, when, he says, she attacked him with a life preserver after he had surprised her examining his private papers.

Mrs. Maude Margaret Brooke was a hospital nurse when she first met Dr. Brooke. She was nursing at the Metropolitan Asylums Board's hospital at Rothenhite, where the young doctor also held a post.

Directly after the marriage—this is the husband's story—Mrs. Brooke showed herself very jealous. She complained to her husband that he stayed out till seven o'clock at night, although he had to do so to attend committees.

Gave Up His Practice.

In 1900—they were married now for five years—Dr. Brooke was forced to get rid of his Cambridge practice. It was at this time that he agreed to a separation from his wife, and to making her an allowance.

Mr. Robinson read the following extracts from letters written to his wife by Dr. Brooke at this period:—

"I think you will come back to me... My love purified by my terrible trial will burn brighter than ever."

"Oh, sweetheart, you judge me so cruelly and harshly in this matter."

"Oh, my darling, I do love you. Sweetheart, do not reject my proffered love."

"Though we have both sinned, God will forgive us."

"We All Sin."

Asked about the phrase, "both sinned," Dr. Brooke earnestly replied: "We all sin." The only wrong, he said, he was conscious of having done to his wife was the fact that he had married her after such a short acquaintance.

After she left her husband Mrs. Brooke went to live in a cottage at Norton Beauchamp, in Wiltshire. About her life there anonymous letters came to her husband. He made inquiries, after consulting his solicitor, with the result that he filed a petition for divorce, making a man named Atkins co-respondent.

Mr. Robinson questioned Dr. Brooke about his treatment of his wife. "Were you ever violent to her?" counsel asked.

Dr. Brooke: I have used coercive measures when I thought she had taken poison, and it was necessary to give her an emetic.

The doctor, in answer to Mr. Justice Barnes, said that he is now not practising. He was still in the witness-box when the case was adjourned.

LAW MADE BY AMATEURS.

Mr. Justice Wills, at Cornwall Assizes, yesterday, characterised the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act as the most imperfect piece of legislation it was possible to conceive.

The Act, he said, was apparently drawn up by someone who had never had any experience of criminal courts, and they must try and get it amended.

COTTON FAMINE FAVOURS INDIA.

From a "Review of the Trade of India" just published it appears that the whole trade of British India with foreign countries during the past year has been greater than that of the preceding year by £20,825,400.

The extraordinary rise in the price of raw cotton proved a source of profit by creating a great demand for Indian cotton. This accounts for an advance in the export trade of £6,412,690.

Immense Reduction.

V. SAMUEL & CO.'S

CELEBRATED LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

GUINEA KEYLESS WATCHES.

REAL SILVER.

REDUCED TO 10/6

THREE YEARS' WRITERS' GUARANTEE.

SPLENDID TIMEKEEPERS.

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN SOLD.

26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. (nr. Bank).

SENT POST FREE.

OBJECTED TO THIRD-CLASS.

How a Railway Ticket Caused a Connubial Quarrel.

For the greater part of yesterday Mrs. Blades, who is defending an action for divorce brought by Lieutenant W. W. Blades, of the Army Ordnance Department, was in the witness-box denying the charges against herself and making counter charges against her husband.

She denied that she had danced before her husband and asked him to thrash her. "I don't dance," she said, and the president joined in with "What nonsense!"

It was not because she objected to third-class carriages, she continued, that she complained when her husband took third-class tickets for them both on a journey to the City. It was because the carriage was like a cattle-truck. (Laughter.)

Mr. Wilcock then suggested that Mrs. Blades when at Folkestone went to public-houses to buy flasks of whisky. This suggestion Mrs. Blades repudiated with great dignity.

"But were you not served with the divorce papers in a public-house?" pursued Mr. Wilcock.

Mrs. Blades: The hotel was kept by a friend of mine, and I had just gone in. No, I did not kick the clerk who served me.

On evidence in support of her case was given, and then the Court adjourned.

MANOR-HOUSE MYSTERY.

Supposed Clue to the Authors of the £1,000 Jewel Robbery.

The police are reported to have obtained a clue which is likely to lead to the capture of the burglars who so daringly removed £1,000 worth of jewels from Huntercombe Manor, Maidenhead.

The burglary was carried out in practically the same way in which Lady Mary Currie's house near Windsor, was robbed exactly a year ago, and the criminals went to work so coolly and skilfully that the police are convinced they belong to a gang of London burglars.

Men were seen loitering about Huntercombe Manor some days before the burglary, and it is hoped that someone in the neighbourhood will be able to identify them among the photographs of criminals already in the hands of the police.

"JUGGLING" WITH A CHEQUE.

Ingenious Scheme of Profiting from a Debt Payment.

The curious case of a man being charged with obtaining by false pretences a cheque drawn upon his own account was before the Swindon magistrate yesterday.

In payment of an account for £13 10s. due from James Cross to Arthur Pryce, of Fleet-street, Swindon, the former tendered a cheque on Lloyds Bank for that amount. After endorsing it Pryce asked Cross to obtain cash for him. The latter left the shop and returned with the £13 10s. in cash, borrowing ten shillings on the pretext that he had no change.

Afterwards Pryce found that the cheque had been presented at his own bank, and not Lloyds, and that when it reached the latter it was dishonoured. In this way prisoner had drawn the money from prosecutor's banking account in order to pay him.

For felony in respect of the 10s. Cross, who declared he would appeal against the decision, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the second division.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION FRAUDS.

For misappropriating £172 belonging to the Cornwall Football Association, of which he was honorary treasurer, Henry Bettison Crabb was sentenced to six months' hard labour at the Assizes at Bodmin. He was managing director of a boot company at Wadebridge, and had recently been appointed Congregational Sunday-school superintendent.

NEWSPAPER AMALGAMATION.

It was stated yesterday that the "Liverpool Mercury" will be amalgamated with the "Liverpool Daily Post," and that a joint paper will be issued under both titles, beginning on Monday next.

The "Weekly Post" and "Weekly Mercury" will continue as separate publications.

READING A BURNT WILL.

A law case just heard in Adelaide rested upon the charred fragments of a wealthy miser's will, which had been burned by one of the executors while in a fit of insanity.

Bits of the will were recovered and conveyed in a cardboard box suspended by elastic to prevent vibration during a journey of 202 miles.

It was found that the will was sufficiently legible for the purpose.

LADY "BARRISTER."

Miss Bertha Cave in Her Maiden Case.

APPEARS FOR HERSELF.

Opportunity, it is said, comes to everyone sooner or later.

It came yesterday to Miss Bertha Cave, the lady law student, whose claim to admission as a member of Gray's Inn was rejected by the House of Lords last year. She had the satisfaction of appearing, robed in cap and gown, in the City of London Court for the purpose of contesting a point of the law.

Messrs. Peach and Co., Limited, of Holborn-viaduct, had recovered judgment for £3 18s. 9d. against the lady "barrister's" father, Mr. James Cave, of Croydon, in respect of a bicycle.

Miss Cave appeared to make an application for a new trial. A little ungalantly, the opposing solicitor objected to the lady being heard from counsel's benches, where she had taken up her position, so Miss Cave went to the witness-box.

"I am not appearing as counsel, and I have no fee," she continued.

Judge Lumley Smith: You cannot.

Miss Cave: They objected to me signing myself in the notice of application as "counsel for the defendant."

Explaining her non-attendance when judgment was given, Miss Cave said that she started to come to the court on the bicycle in question and it broke down on the road. It was always breaking down, and was not worth the money she agreed to pay. She wanted the price reduced.

Judge Lumley Smith said he would make an order for a new trial.

CHILD PICKPOCKET.

Says His Mother Forced Him To Rob a Woman.

"My mother told me to get in and rob you."

Thus pleaded a ten-year-old boy named Walter Kelly, whom Mrs. Harriet Donovan, of Euston, detected trying to pick her jacket pocket.

A woman had pushed the child into a second-class carriage in which Mrs. Donovan was travelling from Plumstead to Charing Cross. "What are you doing, Tommy?" Mrs. Donovan asked, when she felt his hand in her pocket.

The boy instantly besought her not to hand him over to the police. "Mother said you might go to sleep," he explained.

Taken before the Bow-street magistrate yesterday, the boy declared that his mother had threatened to thrash him if he did not steal something. He was remanded, Mr. Fenwick directing the police to see whether action should be taken against the lad's parents, who live in Woolwich.

PROFITS ON LADIES' HATS.

Mr. Justice Grantham Thinks It Is 500 Per Cent.

During the hearing of an action, brought in the King's Bench Division yesterday by a graceful and charmingly-dressed Frenchwoman, Mlle. Virginie Vallecarré, against Madame Elfrida Beyfus, a West End milliner, to whom she was formerly managing saleswoman Mr. Justice Grantham indicated his opinion of the profits derived from the sale of ladies' hats.

In supporting Mlle. Vallecarré's claim for commission alleged to be due to her from Mme. Beyfus, who has recently transferred her business, as "Madame Elfrida" in Sloane-street to South Molton-street under the changed title of "Femina," her counsel said the jury would be surprised to hear that clever Parisian milliners received high salaries in such businesses as the defendant's, where nothing was sold under a profit of 50 per cent.

Commenting upon this statement Mr. Justice Grantham observed it might be nearer the mark to say they were not many hats sold at a much less profit than 500 per cent.

By the jury's decision Mlle. Vallecarré is to receive her commission after the amount has been settled by referee.

MATCHSELLER'S FRIEND IN NEED.

By voluntarily coming forward as a witness at Bow-street yesterday on behalf of a hapless match-seller, Mr. John Ross, a chartered accountant, earned the thanks of the magistrate.

The match-seller, a youth named Richard Banks, had been arrested in Villiers-street for begging, but emphatically denied the charge. Mr. Ross said that he heard Banks protest that he was not begging, but the constable lost his temper.

The result of this evidence was that Banks was discharged.

A Russian Pole, fined at the Thames Police Court for hawking without a licence, said he hated Russia, and escaped from it to avoid military service in the Far East.

POLLING AT HORSHAM.

Lord Turnour Makes a Record in Handshakes.

ENORMOUS MOTOR MILEAGE.

Every politician in the Horsham division of Sussex rose early and often yesterday morning to look at the weather and the barometer, for the weather clerk was master of the situation.

Luckily the rain which fell throughout the night ceased before the booths opened, and all the motor-carriages, dogcarts, and wagnettes in the division, and many from London, were quickly on the road. Throughout the day everybody in Horsham seemed to be riding in a car.

Lord Turnour started from Northchapel in a racing motor at half-past seven, and rushed round the constituency, spending three or four minutes at as many polling places as possible.

Country Full of Motor-cars.

When he reached Horsham at half-past seven at night, travel-stained and weary, he had covered over a hundred miles, and shaken hands with a thousand electors.

Mr. Erskine, the Liberal candidate, set out from Billingshurst very early to traverse a route which took him through twenty-four out of twenty-eight polling places, over a journey of a hundred miles.

The heavy roads were very severe on the cars. Headquarters and other committee-rooms were stocked with spare tyres, and one driver had to telephone to London for a new cover. Mr. Erskine had twenty-five cars and Lord Turnour over thirty.

College Friends in Opposition.

The three young gentlemen from Oxford—the Hon. Neil Primrose, son of Lord Rosebery; Mr. Harold Pearson, son of Sir Weetman Pearson; and Mr. Agar Rohatke—went about with three pairs horse carriages, carrying voters to poll against their college chum—Lord Turnour.

On the other hand, the Conservative candidate received a telegram from Oxford University Tariff Reform League, "Wishing you success in your fight for fiscal freedom and a happy issue out of your afflictions," while Mr. Eton, Lord Turnour's school, came the old watchword, "Floreat Etona."

As the afternoon passed it was recognised that the poll would be fairly heavy, and Conservatives were satisfied that Lord Turnour would be returned.

RIVAL TO HOUDINI.

Remarkable Escape from a Locked and Barred Cell.

The goal-breaking exploits of Houdini, the Handcuff King, have been rivalled by a real prisoner, who was locked up in a cell at Steelhouse-lane, Birmingham, on Thursday night.

All the doors and windows at the police station are locked and barred night and day, and communication with the outside world is confined entirely to a small aperture protected by a sliding door, through which inquiries are answered.

Nevertheless, the prisoner, a deserter from the South Wales Borderers, disappeared, and the only explanation, impossible as it seems, is that he escaped through the slide, though it is only a few inches wide.

All trace of the man has been lost.

MOTIVE FOR MURDER.

It was suggested by the evidence of a witness at Southwark Police Court yesterday that a "nagging" wife was responsible for a charge of attempted murder before the court.

At three o'clock yesterday morning Alfred Curtis, a labourer, ran up to a constable and exclaimed: "I have killed my wife at C Block, Vine-street-buildings. I have cut her throat with a razor. What made me do it? You will find her there."

The woman was found lying dangerously wounded, and was removed to the hospital. Curtis, who was described as a sober, hard-working man, has been remanded.

Prince George of Greece concludes his visit to London to-day, and leaves Victoria by the boat express.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, reduces the fever, allays all pain, cures wind-colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/4 per bottle.

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

NEW "DAILY MAIL."

Mr. G. L. Watson, the yacht designer, is lying seriously ill at Glasgow.

His Majesty's cruiser *Numa* arrived at Sheerness with orders to refit at Chatham, and afterwards to rejoin the Home Fleet.

In the Bankruptcy Court yesterday Messrs. W. B. Marcus and Hunt returned their liabilities at £41,351 and assets £393 14s.

The St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission for Sailors and Fishermen at Home and Abroad has received an anonymous contribution of £500.

MUNICIPAL MILK DEPOTS.

Several of the metropolitan borough councils are calling on the L.C.C. to put in a claim in the Bill they are promoting for extended powers by which they will be able to establish depots for the supply to Londoners of sterilised and humanised new milk.

CHOIR BOYS HONOURED.

In the enlargement of Over (Winsford) parish church a curious feature is a wall in which there are thirty memorial stones.

These have been duly laid by the choir boys, a small silver coin being placed in correct form under each, with the proper formula duly recited. Each stone is also suitably inscribed.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CLERGY FUND.

Fifty-seven London benefices have within the past twelve months received from the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund £3,735—£2,335 in annual grants and £1,400 in endowment.

The amount to be sent for distribution among provincial dioceses will be settled at the end of the year at the meeting at St. Paul's Chapter House.

BIGAMY AFTER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

After thirty-five years Mary Ann Lindley, fifty eight years of age, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for bigamy.

She married so long ago as 1869, but lived with her husband only nine weeks.

In 1883 she went as servant to a publican, whom she married in 1883. It was stated that on her release she will return to her first husband.

DISAPPOINTED SCHOLAR.

There had been delay in finding a suitable secondary school for Frank Beard, a boy of eleven, living at Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, who had gained a County Council scholarship.

This so proved upon the lad's mind that he took a fatal dose of carbolic acid. At the inquest a verdict was found that the poison was taken by misadventure.

GOLF CLUB RAIDED.

The Surbiton Golf Club pavilion, at The Waffrons, Upper Long Ditton, has been raided by thieves, who in the pantry discovered a quantity of eatables.

Before leaving they consumed 75s. of cake, a quantity of bread, and a whole ham, washed down in a quantity of spirits and mineral waters.

The members' lockers were also ransacked, but here the booty was confined to a few golf balls.

WATER-BOARD MILLIONS.

That the Water Board stock should be subscribed twice over proves there is still plenty of money waiting a sound investment.

For the issue of £1,500,000 there were 388 tenders, and the amount offered was £3,010,700.

The allotments were 288 tenders (at £92 11s. 6d. and above) in full, and twenty-five (at £92 11s.) 34 per cent. of the amount applied for.

REAL LIFE GNOMES.

"They were like little gnomes," said a doctor, who described at the Victoria Courts, Birmingham, yesterday, the condition, in which four children were found by an inspector in a Hurst-street court.

Two of the children, twins, aged five months, lay in a banana-box covered with a strip of calico, and are dying.

The case against the parents was adjourned to await events.

WOMEN'S RESOLUTIONS.

Mrs. Crichton suggested at the conference of the National Union of Women Workers, at York, that the custom of passing resolutions on general subjects has tended to bring women's opinions into dispute.

This view met with overwhelming disapproval, and in future, as in the past, the women workers will discuss everything and anything in which they are interested.

Next year the conference will meet at Birmingham.

ART AND THE L.C.C.

Archbishop Bourne had intended to have the great west entrance of the Westminster Cathedral fitted with a door of hammered bronze of artistic design, but the L.C.C. has disapproved of the idea, on the ground that in case of a panic or rush of any kind from the Cathedral such heavy doors could not be swung open quickly enough to allow the worshippers to clear out.

Dr. Bourne has, in the circumstances, had to forego his intention and to substitute an oaken door, which is now being constructed according to a design left by Mr. Bentley.

Fortune village schools are closed in Mid-Cheshire by a measles epidemic.

Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Ambassador to Berlin, arrived at Victoria yesterday morning from Germany.

To provide for the unemployed the Lambeth Council have sanctioned work in the borough amounting to £8,697.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson will preside at the Anniversary Festival of the Printers' Pension Corporation, to be held in the spring of 1905.

The passengers from New York per s.s. Baltic, who landed at Liverpool yesterday, included Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, Sir George Newnes, and the crew of the abandoned steamer Kelvin.

POPLAR FARM'S VISITORS.

The success of the Poplar farm colony is attracting hosts of visitors from all parts of the country to Laindon. Already a number of representatives from provincial boards have visited the place and been received by Mr. Fels and the chairman of the farms committee of the guardians, Mr. Lansbury, who have explained the working of the institution.

Among others who have journeyed to Laindon during the week have been Canon Barnett, Sir John Gorst, Sir W. Chance, and Colonel Lamb, of the Salvation Army.

The result is that many boards up and down the country are endeavouring to arrange with Mr. Fels for the establishment of similar colonies for their districts, it being recognised that the only practical method of dealing with the unemployed is to get them back to the land.

ARCHITECT'S LOVE OF DRAUGHTS.

The open window is the way to health, says the chairman of the Manchester Society of Architects, and no system of ventilation yet invented—automatic or otherwise—can compare with the free play of fresh air direct from the outside.

Draughts are not dangerous, and should be cultivated by those who desire not to take cold, is his opinion, which is perhaps his professional way of admitting the inability of his brethren to design a building free from draughts.

As to liability to catch cold from a draught, the common sense of the people has settled that point long ago.

OGDEN BONUS HUMOUR.

A touch of humour comes into the Ogden bonus business just at the moment that it threatened to become a bore.

Mr. Nathan denies the assertion of the liquidator that 75 per cent. of the bonus customers have agreed to his offer of £100,000 in settlement; but what Mr. Nathan has not realised yet is that a number of members of his own Bonus Association have "ratted," and sent in their acceptances to the liquidator.

CHIMPANZEE'S MISSION.

Sent to England from West Africa for the Royal Commission on the chimpanzee, a chimpanzee has been safely landed at Plymouth. Two were shipped at Forcados, but one died after being a few days at sea.

The survivor, which is about six months old, stood the voyage very well. The same steamer also brought home the body of a male gorilla, 6ft. 5in. in length. It has been preserved in spirits, and will be set up for Lord Rothschild's museum.

VIEWS OF AUSTRALIA.

Sir John Cockburn, K.C.M.G., the unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate for Monmouth Borough, will take the chair on Tuesday at a lecture given at the Polytechnic, Regent-street, by ex-Councillor Drakard on Australia.

A feature of the lecture will be the display of some one hundred and fifty views of Antipodean life.

Lord Rosebery has promised to contribute £1,000 towards rebuilding Epsom parish church.

Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., is lying ill at his Hertis residence, Hunsdon House, Ware, and his condition gives rise to anxiety.

The Master of the Rolls will distribute the prizes at the City of London College, Moorfields, on Monday, December 5.

George J. Freeman, a warrant officer, of H.M.S. Pembroke, at Chatham, was ordered by court-martial yesterday to lose all seniority, and to be dismissed from his ship, for being in unlawful possession of Government stores.

BROWN BUERRE PEAR.

That favourite old pear known as the Brown Buerre, in fine condition, is to be seen on sale.

There is evidence that it was cultivated in England at the time of the Commonwealth.

PREMATURE BROCCOLI.

The mild weather has accelerated the growth of that late winter vegetable, the broccoli, and it can now be seen on sale beside its summer and autumn brother, the cauliflower.

According to John Evelyn, the diarist, broccoli was first brought from Naples.

MORE USE THAN A WREATH.

The common sense which distinguishes the London Fire Brigade was aptly exemplified by the way in which the sum of £28, subscribed to buy a wreath for the funeral of Fireman White, who met with his death at the Chelsea fire, was used.

One pound only was spent on the wreath and the balance of £27 handed to the widow.

BOROUGH COUNCIL'S SNUFF-BOX.

A curious relic in the possession of the Bermondsey Borough Council is the "parochial snuff-box" of Rotherhithe, which, before the constitution of the borough council, was kept in the vestry hall at Rotherhithe.

Over a century ago this snuff-box was used by the vestrymen, being filled up before each meeting.

ROYAL WATERLOO HOSPITAL.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany yesterday opened the new offices of the Ladies' Association of the Royal Waterloo Hospital, at 16, Brook-street.

Among those present were Lady Denman, Lady Durning-Lawrence, Lady O'Hagan, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Bouverie, Mrs. Guy Chetwynd, and Mrs. A. D. Harkness, the hon. sec.

SIBERIAN BUTTER.

Danish dairy produce has for long been regarded as the chief competitor with the English article, but on the Tyne, which has a large miscellaneous trade with Russia, there is a great sale of Siberian butter. It fetches 10d. per lb., 2d. less than the home product, and while not quite so palatable, has a large and increasing sale.

MUNICIPAL ELECTRICITY PAYES.

It is stated that on a capital expenditure of £200,000 the receipts of the Stepney Borough Council's electric lighting installation during the past municipal year have exceeded the expenditure by some £12,000.

Extensions are being carried out which are estimated to cost £70,000.

NAVAL PINK OF CONDITION.

The reforming zeal of Sir John Fisher at the Admiralty is shown in an order issued yesterday that in future the fleet's repairs will be completed in three years instead of three.

Ships will come home more frequently and be always kept in the pink of fighting condition, no repair work being allowed to accumulate, as it sometimes does at present.

MINIATURES

This Year's Popular Xmas Gift.
An Old Fashion Revived.

Seventy years ago every lady wore a Miniature of her husband, lover, child, or dearest friend. The custom of Miniature-painting made these brilliant pictures extremely valuable, and only the wealthy could afford them. The first taste of a lecture given at the Polytechnic, Regent-street, by ex-Councillor Drakard on Australia.

A feature of the lecture will be the display of some one hundred and fifty views of Antipodean life.

It is only as an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror" that we are able to offer you these beautiful little Miniatures finished in water-colours and mounted as

PENDANT, 2/11; BROOCH, 3/3.

(Postage 2d.) How to Send for the Miniatures.—When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant fill in the Coupon below, enclose photograph and postal order crossed Courts and Co., and send it to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 3, Carnarvon Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror" (Here state whether you require Brooch or Pendant.)
Name
Address
Colour of Hair Colour of Eyes
Complexion Dress

Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

Overseas Edition for All Parts of the World.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Friday, November 25, will mark a new era in journalism—the linking of the whole of the British Empire and every scattered colony of English people into one vast community of readers. In other words, this date is that of the first appearance of the "Daily Mail" Overseas Edition.

The Overseas "Daily Mail" will be a sixteen-page weekly newspaper, containing nearly one hundred columns of the principal home and foreign news of the week, accompanied by a review of the week's events by a well-known writer. The book of the week, the feuilleton, articles on sport, literary and unatrical notes, the leading articles which have appeared in the preceding six days' "Daily Mail," will reproduce in this weekly edition its enormous circle of readers.

The interests of ladies abroad will be especially catered for, and "what is being worn at home" will appeal to those settled in the most out-of-the-way parts of the Empire.

The price of the Overseas Edition is five shillings a year, including postage free to all parts of the world. Published on Friday, it will be in time for the Friday and Saturday Colonial and foreign mails.

At the first announcement of this edition the "Daily Mail" has been inundated with subscribers at the rate of over one hundred per hour. No more novel and useful Christmas or New Year's present can be devised than the payment of a year's subscription on behalf of a friend, or a relative, or a servant. A copy of the first number will reach its destination at or about Christmas or the New Year, and in an accompanying letter the "Daily Mail" will give the sender's name.

THE CITY.

Port Arthur Rumours—Effect on Japan Bonds—Talk of Kafir Revival.

CAPITAL COURT, Friday Evening.—Crumbs of comfort seem to be the daily fare of the Stock Exchange. To-day there were the rumours of the fall of Port Arthur and the treaty arrangements between France and America and this country to direct. A good deal more of an audience, was expressed about money prospects. Berlin may grab the gold which will come into the London open market next week, but because we have rather over-corrected itself, and does not threaten us nearly so much as was the case a little while ago.

In fact, to-day, if anybody spoke of good markets continuing, there were few to contradict, and this was noticeably the case in Kaffirs and West Africans. Those who talk most glibly of a Kafir revival, no doubt, have the wish as far as the thought. But a Kafir revival is a very popular possibility. Heaven knows who is going to buy the shares. Probably neither the public nor the big house would want them. But Stock Exchange people say that, if Kaffirs revive, it encourages the investor. It may be because he promptly tells Kaffirs that he may have held since 1895, and puts the money elsewhere.

Anyway, to-day there was a good deal of noise, and some strength in the Kafir Circus after a dull opening. Recent new issues were put on the move. "Puffs" are appearing with more regularity in the papers than in the past. The kind of thing, signs of the times, no doubt. The close of the market was below the best. Westralians, however, are still under a cloud. The rumours are so bad to be revised, and the acknowledgment of over-valuation of Associated ore reserves is a case in point. West Africans are kept in the market. The reason is, of course, that the more properties will be crashing at the beginning of the new year.

Rise in Consols.

Consols started the day well. They touched 89 9/16 on Port Arthur rumours, slipped back a little, and then closed at the best. It naturally gave a good time to all gilt-edged stocks. True, Home Rails were not particularly active, but somehow Home Rails never seem to go ahead while a settlement is in progress. To-day was Pay-day, and there was a perking-up of prices in the last hour. Great Central Preferences were all in favour. Certainly, on dividend prospects and traffic expectations, the market deserves to go ahead, and if there are no unforeseen circumstances, should undoubtedly do so. We can say with some confidence that the South-Eastern any Chatham companies have actually under consideration the question of the amalgamation of the two railways.

Home's gambles on Wall Street seems now to be in full swing. But it will be noticed that enormous profit-taking meets the buying. The newcomers are probably not good-day buyers. Anyway, here the market was disposed to be quieter, and, although Missouri stood out, there was not so much doing, and not so much strength before the close. Street speculators and gamblers stood out, there was not so much doing, and not so much strength before the close.

In the Foreign group Japanese bonds strengthened considerably on the Port Arthur rumours. They put the strength before the close. Street speculators and gamblers stood out, there was not so much doing, and not so much strength before the close. Street speculators and gamblers stood out, there was not so much doing, and not so much strength before the close.

Hope of better business in the United States and activity in the American market are no doubt reasons why Anglo-American Telegraph descriptions are to be trusted. The reason why London and India Dockers have been put up to 78 is, of course, the London County Council scheme for acquiring the property. The Bakka Petroleum, like the Bakka Petroleum Company, reports a change of management, and at the meeting yesterday over-estimation of oil stocks had to be admitted. Coats still did not bid for cotton shares are good. The rush for entry into the Stock Exchange before the new rules come into force continues, and there are now no fewer than 469 fresh applicants.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of a successful stock-broker made it a condition that his heirs should continue to use

MOLASSINE MEAL

On the estate, for Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry. The secret of his success was that HE HAD USED IT FOR YEARS.
Sold by all Corn-dealers, or
THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD., 36, Mark-lane, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1904.

NEARLY ALL WHITTLED AWAY.

A GERMAN comic paper publishes two little pictures to illustrate its view of the Anglo-Russian crisis. In the first John Bull is shown rushing upon the Tsar with terrible aspect. In the next he is holding that monarch affectionately by the arm and delivering to him the mildest of rebukes. There is no doubt that is the view the Continent takes of Britain's attitude. We began by being very fierce. We have ended by going as near as possible to offering the other cheek. Evidently the St. Petersburg newspapers think that we shall be content in the end with no reparation at all. This is what the *Novoye Vremya* said yesterday:—

The problem before the Commission is to assemble and collect facts, but not to try anyone. No Government would consent to the trial of its officers by any International Commission.

The conditions upon which Britain agreed to hold her hand after the North Sea outrage have been whittled away until very little is left. That little resolves itself into the examination of the matter by the International Court and the punishment of such officers as the court may find guilty. We do not insist upon this being called a trial. If the Russians like, they can call it a comic opera. But should this last remaining act of justice (whatever it is called) prove an illusion like the rest, the temper of the British nation will be one of evil omen for the present Government.

DO MIRACLES HAPPEN?

THERE is only one drawback to believing in miracles," said Matthew Arnold; "they do not happen." That was the opinion of a famous poet and essayist, a broad-minded man, a truly religious man, although he was not in the technical sense a Christian. Yet, if Arnold's view be correct, how can we explain the determined and unshakable belief of the mass of people that miracles not only did happen, but actually do happen still in our own time?

Millions of people believe that miraculous cures happen every week at the Holy Grotto of Lourdes. Thousands of people in this country assert the miracles worked by the prayers of Christian Scientists, and a book was published yesterday by a leading London publisher in which it is confidently vouched for that a clergyman of the Church of England has performed miracles as wonderful as any that we read of in the Bible or in the lives of mediæval Saints.

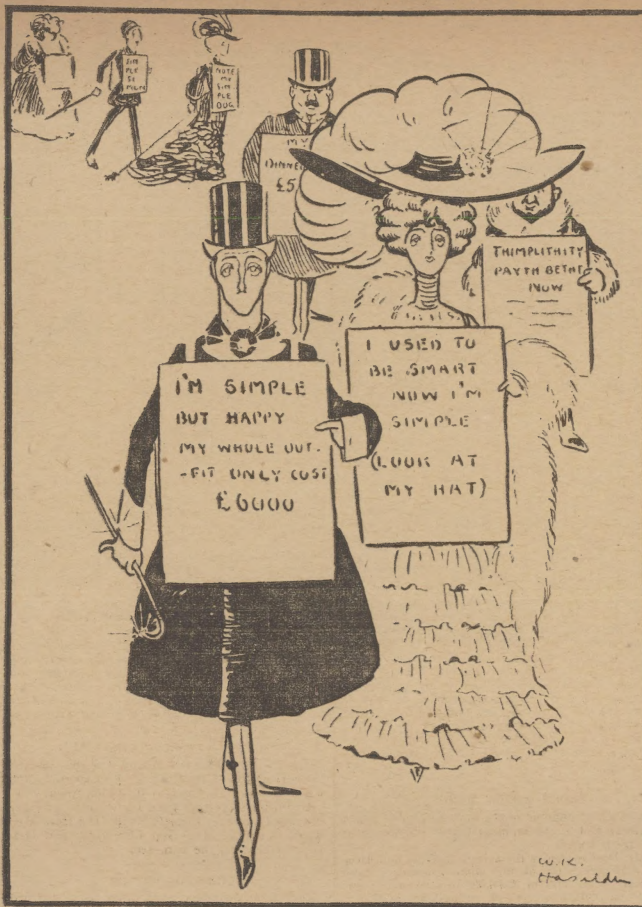
The book in question is "The Life of Father Ignatius" (Methuen). The writer, who is a woman with an ardent belief in all she writes, tells how the Monk, as she calls him, has raised men from the dead, and swallowed poison himself by accident without feeling any ill-effects. On another page these wonders are described in full detail.

Now many people will declare off-hand that this is all rubbish. Far more numerous, however, will be those who will see in it a confirmation of the belief in miracles that has always existed at the back of their minds. In every age the human mind has longed for something to relieve the humdrum of existence. Only the man of science can revel in the thought that the universe is governed by certain fixed, unbreakable Laws. We ordinary folk hug to ourselves the fancy that wonderful interferences with the ordinary course of things are still possible.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The good are not so good as they think themselves, the wicked are not so wicked as the good think them.—*Bishop Creighton.*

LEADING THE SIMPLE LIFE.



A Guild of Simplicity has been formed by various prominent people, including "more than one duchess, a countess, and several other peeresses." They show their simplicity first of all by publicly announcing the fact!

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.—No. II.

An Umbrella Difficulty.

MRS. EGERTON left her house in Kensington yesterday morning to fetch her umbrella, which was being mended at a shop in Oxford-street.

When she got up to get out of the omnibus at Oxford-circus, she grasped without thinking an umbrella which she felt by her side. Her neighbour glared at her. Mrs. Egerton recollected that she had no umbrella with her, blushed, apologised, and got out.

She fetched her own umbrella and then made a call. The friend on whom she called said "You've never taken away that umbrella you left here last month." So Mrs. Egerton started home with two umbrellas.

As she got into the Kensington omnibus she saw sitting there the very woman whose umbrella she had taken up inadvertently earlier in the day. This woman leant forward as she sat down, and said, looking significantly at the two umbrellas. "I see you've had a good day."

What was Mrs. Egerton to do—explain or take no notice? Which would you have done?

UP-TO-DATE AS EVER.

As usual, Mr. Rutland Barrington is up-to-date with his songs. This is the latest addition to his topical song "The Cingalee" at Daly's Theatre. But it is a pity he has not managed to find a rhyme for *Roljestvensky*.

If for quiet and peace you are wishing,
And a little amusement as well,
You will find it unwise to go fishing
Where you may be disturbed by a shell!
Though it may be no more than a blunder,
A stronger remark it deserves,
And its really a matter for wonder
What can be the state of their nerves!

We shall have a bit more to say,
And, of course, they will have to pay;
But they cannot afford
The eternal digress
Of behaving in such a way,
And we can but regret
That the vessels they met
Were not battleships fit for fray.

TWO MEN OF THE HOUR.

The Candidates at Horsham.

ONE of them is now the chosen of the constituency, which will be announced to-day. It would be hard to find two men of more opposite types.

Viscount Turnour is the son of Lord Winterston, an Irish peer, whose family has for centuries been associated with Sussex, and resides at Shillingtree Park, near Petworth.

He is a well set up young man, 6ft. in height, and does not look a day more than his twenty-one years. This is his baptism in politics, and he takes the rough with the smooth with grace and good humour.

He has not made his appeal as an orator, but as a Sussex man who understands and sympathises with the needs of agriculture. His manner is plain and straightforward and his frank, open ways make friends for him.

He is still an undergraduate at Oxford, and the other evening his college friends, the Hon. Neil Primrose, Mr. Harold Pearson, and the Hon. Agar Roberts went to Crawley to fulfil an old promise to speak against him.

Mr. Erskine, who represents the Liberal interest, is a middle-aged business man with a full knowledge of politics and experience of electioneering. He is a member of the Stock Exchange, and has resided for some time near Billingshurst, in the division. From there he has nursed it for a year, and made great progress.

He is a most serious person, and almost realises the Englishman's idea of a Scotsman as a person destitute of humour. Mr. Erskine is a Scot, and he thinks politics far too solemn a matter to jest about.

As a financier he has puzzled the Sussex labourer with learned dissertations on political economy, which the labourer neither understood nor cared much about.

ADEPT.

A lively old chap called the Maj.
In a poker game laid down a waj.
They thought him not keen,
But later 'twas seen
That at poker he was an old staj.
—"Puck," New York.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Countess Torby, who, with her children, is leaving London to-day for Cannes, is, of course, the wife of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. The marriage, which took place thirteen years ago, was a morganatic one, and without the consent of the Tsar, so the Duke became practically an exile from Russia. It was not until the beginning of this year that her position was officially recognised at St. Petersburg. But even while this severe attitude was kept up, the Countess Torby was received with open arms in every other Court, especially in England, and was on the best of terms with the Tsar when he visited Paris.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, who has been speaking again on the evils of alcohol, especially as connected with children, is a man who would have made a name in any profession had not medicine, and especially the study of lunacy, claimed him at an early age. He raised quite a storm in the literary teacup last year by his introduction to Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters," and thoroughly enjoyed what was said about him. He was in the best of spirits when he said that the critics "are calling me all sorts of names. One paper says that I don't really exist in the flesh, another that I am masquerading under the initials of a great man, a third that I am not bad at an argument, but that I am a little deficient in my logic."

Another famous controversy of his was with Mr. Winston Churchill, in the "Times," on the subject of the manufacture of Harris tweeds. It thoroughly amused the doctor, because he lured the young politician into saying more than he probably meant, so laying himself open to a magnificent defeat.

A NOTED SPORTSWOMAN.

Lady Angela Forbes, sister of Lord Rosslyn, and half-sister of Lady Warwick, has, of course, put in an appearance with the Quorn, for she is one of the keenest huntswomen in England. She and her husband, Mr. "Jimmy" Forbes, always spend the winter at their place in Derbyshire, Kirby Hall, for the hunting. Like the other members of her family, she has shown signs of literary tastes, and no one was very surprised when it was rumoured, though wrongly, that she was the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth."

As a young girl she did write a novel, but it never saw the light, which, considering her age at the time, is perhaps as well. To this day, in spite of seven years of married life, she is an independent and erratic personage, with a very kind heart, and possessed of an amount of tact which enables her to do many things which less gifted neighbours find it necessary to avoid. She may be summed up as a typically smart woman and a "jolly good sort."

The announcement comes from Ireland that Mr. William O'Brien is to be the guiding spirit of a new weekly paper to be published in Dublin. It is a little over thirty years since he began his journalistic career as a junior reporter on the "Cork Daily Herald." In less than ten years he became one of the greatest political forces in Ireland. It was as editor of "United Ireland" in later years that he found his greatest opportunities. The paper was constantly suppressed, but he always found means to issue it somehow, even when he had to print it in Liverpool, in London, and even in France.

MR. O'BRIEN'S TROUSERS.

Nine times he has been prosecuted for political offences, and has spent two years in prison. One of these terms of detention had a sequel which has passed into history. For a while the House of Commons gravely discussed the question of a pair of Mr. O'Brien's trousers while their owner lay in bed for lack of them. In the end he got another pair at the expense of the State.

Never has the tendency which leads young men who have had the best possible education to go on the stage been better illustrated than by the company now performing in Old English plays at the Royal Theatre. Here are the leading members' schools and colleges:—

Mr. Philip Carr (manager), Winchester and Brasenose, Oxford.
Mr. King Fordham, Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge.

Mr. Nigel Playfair, Harrow and University College, Oxford.
Mr. Frank Lascelles, Keble, Oxford.

Thus all the principal talent at the Royal comes from one or other of the Universities.

SCOTCH AND IRISH.

This is how Americans used to be taught about their Scotch and Irish cousins. Possibly the book (published in 1798), from which these questions and answers are taken, may be used still:

Q. What are the persons and characters of the Scots?

A. They are generally lean, raw-boned, and have high cheek-bones, which is a characteristic feature. Q. What are the customs and diversions of the Irish?

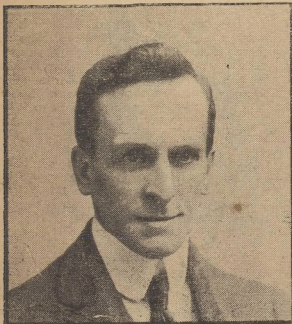
A. There are a few customs existing in Ireland peculiar to this country. These are the funeral howlings and presenting their corpses in the streets to excite the charity of strangers, their convivial meetings on Sunday, and dancing to bagpipes, which are usually attended with quarrelling.

MIRROR-CAMERA SNAPS

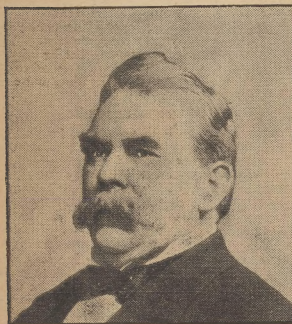
SOME OF LONDON'S NEW MAYORS.



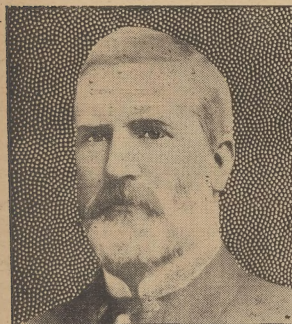
Mr. Percy George Gates, Mayor of Kensington.



Alderman Donald McMillan, Mayor of Hampstead.



Mr. James Jeffery, L.C.C., Mayor of Chelsea.—(Russell and Sons.)



Mr. A. M. Torrance, L.C.C., Mayor of Islington.—(Russell and Sons.)

TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY.

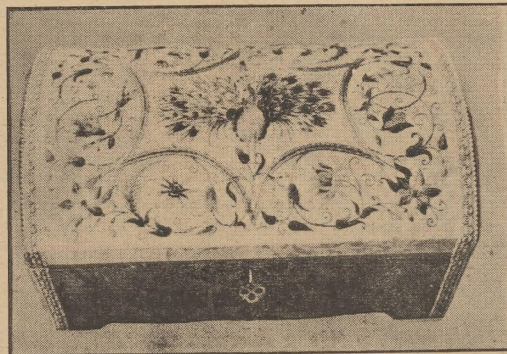


Captain Arthur A. Wolfe Murray, of Cringletie, Peebles-shire, and—



—Miss E. M. Hay Mackenzie, whose marriage takes place at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, to-day.—(Photos: Heath and H. Walter Barnett.)

THE DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK EXHIBITION.



A coffer for letters, photographs, etc., worked in coloured silk and gold on white silk damask. A lovely piece of work exhibited at the Decorative Needlework Society's Exhibition.

DRINKING ADMIRAL



Some of the crew of the transport Asian, of the Baltic Fleet, drinking as the hero of the North Sea outrage. Note the boatswain on the right introduced in the British Navy.—(Photog)

RUSSIAN PITS, TRAPS, AND B



The terrible palisade at Liao-yang, which the Japanese hacked over at Port Arthur, where the Russians have built



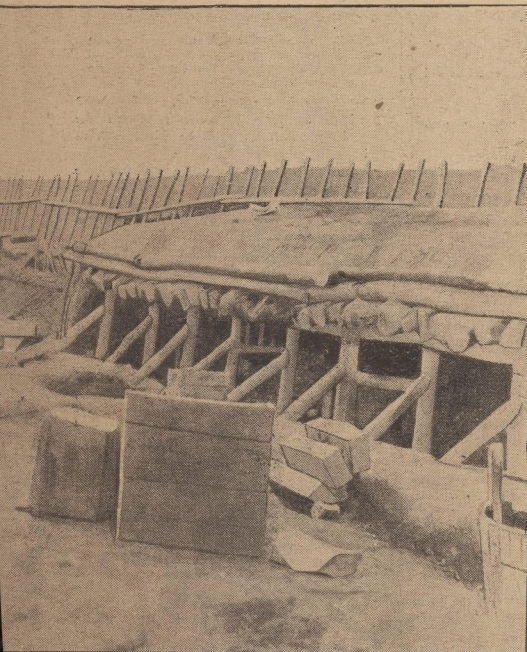
INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES

ROJESTVENSKY'S HEALTH.



The health of Admiral Rojestvensky, whom the Baltic Fleet sailors regard of the photograph wearing the whistle and chain, an innovation first in C. O. Bulla. Copyright of the "Sphere.")

ANGLEMENTS IN THE FAR EAST.



with great loss. This is what the Japanese have to encounter and get ences round the fortifications.—(Copyright of the "Sphere.")

THE "DAILY MIRROR" MATINEE HAT.

Specially designed by LADY DUFF-GORDON.



The present-day matinee hat, which is to be supplanted by the "Daily Mirror" hat—the matinee hat of the future—specially designed by Lady Duff-Gordon.



The "Daily Mirror" matinee hat—front view.



Lady Duff-Gordon, who has designed the new matinee hat specially for the *Daily Mirror*.—(Lallie Charles.)



A side view of the new matinee hat, designed for the "Daily Mirror" by Lady Duff-Gordon. — (Full particulars will be found on another page.)



The back view of the "Daily Mirror" matinee hat. — (Photographs specially taken by Lafayette, Bond-street, W.)

OUR SATURDAY STORY

THE DREAM

THAT CAME TRUE.

"What a fool I am!"

Professor Mason uttered these words in a fit of impatience. He had shut himself up in his laboratory with the intention of conducting some delicate experiments. For the last half-hour he had stood by his table gazing sentimentally at a bow of red ribbon.

To all appearances a man of middle age, the Professor was still on the right side of forty. Hard study and laborious research had bared his brow, bent his back, and dimmed his eyes. But he had a pleasant face and a humorous smile, and though his name stood high in the roll of science, he was as unassuming a man as one could wish to meet.

He stood now, his brows knitted with vexation; then he seized the bow and strode towards the fire. His resolve had been to burn it, but as he reached the rug, his purpose failed him. After a little hesitation he locked it away in his desk.

"There," he muttered, "now I shall be able to get on with my work."

But he was not to remain long undisturbed. Scarcely five minutes afterwards there was a rattle at the door, and a girl of eighteen entered. She was a pretty girl, with a shapely form, dark hair, and roguish eyes, and she wore a dark blue dress, from which a knot of red ribbon was missing.

"What are you doing?" she asked, in an abrupt, impetuous way, as she swung herself lightly on the edge of the table.

"I'm just beginning an experiment."

"You seem to do nothing but experiment," she retorted, half contemptuously. "I wonder what fun you can find in bothering with nasty mixtures and glass tubes."

He merely smiled, and struck a match to light a small spirit lamp.

At this she sprang off the table in feigned alarm.

"Let me get out first!" she cried, making for the door.

On the threshold she paused.

"Oh, I came to ask you if you'd seen a bow of red ribbon anywhere," she said; "I've lost one somewhere."

He bent his head lower over his work.

"I haven't seen it," he murmured confusedly.

II.

"What are you busy?"

It was a small, delicate-featured lady who spoke. As she put her head into the laboratory, the Professor looked up.

"Busy," he said; "no, not very. Why?"

"I just wanted to have a few words with you. I have had a letter from Jack. He is coming down to-morrow."

"Ah!"

"Millicent is the attraction. I wrote and told him she was staying with us. I thought last year he had a fancy for her."

"And do you think she returns his affection?"

"Miss Mason knitted her brows.

"That I can hardly say," she murmured. "It would be a most suitable match; don't you think?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

He turned once more to his work, and she withdrew.

Jack arrived the following afternoon. He was a handsome young fellow of four-and-twenty, with attractive brown eyes, and a well-knit figure. The professor felt certain his sister's scheme must

come to a happy issue. For any girl to resist such an Adonis was out of the question. He prepared himself for the inevitable.

By a strong effort of will he almost persuaded himself that this match was the desire of his life. In his talks with Millicent he sounded Jack's praises continually—perhaps too continually.

"You seem to imagine I'm very much interested in Mr. Harcourt," she exclaimed one evening as they sat by the tennis-court watching Jack play singles with the curate.

"I want you to be interested in him," he returned. "It is the great aim of my life to see him happily settled."

"Do you mean married?"

"Yes, married."

She turned her eyes full on him.

"To me?"

"Yes, to you."

"Very good; then if he asks me to be his wife I will say 'Yes.' I shall know then that I have done as you desire."

Then she rose suddenly and left him.

III.

To all appearances Miss Mason's matchmaking efforts progressed with the greatest smoothness. The two young people were constantly together.

In those days the Professor was more than ever wrapped up in his experiments. After breakfast he would retire to his laboratory in the garden, and there he would spend the day, returning to the house at night looking haggard and worn.

It was a living in a state of acute suspense. He could not even work until this matter was decided. All day he sat there, waiting for Jack to come to him with the news of his engagement.

If he did not declare himself soon—why, he must seek to him.

He took this step a few evenings later, as they paced the terrace, smoking a last cigar.

"I wanted to say a few words to you about Millicent," he began.

Jack pulled at his cigar.

"I think I am right in—er—saying there is something between you."

"Ye-es."

"It is quite time you spoke. You have taught her to care for you."

Jack turned his face quickly.

"Do you really think so?" he said. "Sometimes I fancy—"

"Oh, there is no doubt about it," interposed the Professor hastily.

"You would like it?"

"It is—the wish of my heart."

"Then I will do it to-morrow."

IV.

"Herbert, you are making a very poor breakfast!"

The Professor, toying absently with his teaspoon, coloured faintly at his sister's words.

He looked more than usually harassed this morning.

"I am not hungry," he answered.

"You never are hungry now," she complained.

"I am sure you are not well. What do you think, Jack?"

Jack, engaged in a whispered conversation with Millicent, raised his head.

"Quite all right with you," he said. "You want a rest, old chap."

"I cannot spare the time," the Professor murmured.

"You never listen to good advice," Miss

unearthed from his self-piled monument, his poor body resembled a distorted mass of pulp more than anything else.

Father Ignatius took some Lourdes water, sprinkled the man's body, and commanded him to arise. In a moment the miracle was accomplished.

"A hale and whole man, a healthy Britisher" arose in place of the mangled object on the ground before.

Yet another miracle was accomplished by means of Lourdes water. The Father was summoned to the bedside of a dying boy, a boy dying of typhoid.

"He was past speech or hearing. But the reverend father did not lose heart. Going to the bedside, he bent over the lad and sprinkled him with some drops of the wondrous water." He told him, in Christ's name, to get up. "The boy rose at once, perfectly cured."

At other times, like Joan of Arc, he has heard voices and songs unheard by others near him.

LATE HOURS AND INSANITY.

The senior physician at Bethelchem Hospital, coolly called "Bedlam," thinks that everybody in these days is more or less mad.

Education begins to spoil our minds early. The perpetual hurry of modern life completes the process.

"Running on" is our great idea, says Dr. Hyslop. We are always two hours behind and trying to catch up.

If he had his way, he would close all theatres, concert halls, and public-houses at ten o'clock.

That, he thinks, might help to keep us a little more sane.

Mason said, resignedly. "I've always said you'd poison yourself with your drugs and mixtures some day."

Her brother smiled in his quiet way, and then went out to his "workshop." Jack and Millicent were sitting on the terrace. They were talking about going on the river.

He felt a little hurt that she should have deserted him so completely since Jack appeared. She never said her flying visits to the laboratory now. She never seemed inclined to laugh and joke with him as she had done of old.

Reaching the laboratory he locked the door and set down to work. His thoughts, however, were far away from all experiments. They had wandered to the river. He pictured them drifting down the stream.

A little later he found himself gazing at a crumpled bow of red ribbon.

Then, in a fit of anger, he dashed the ribbon to the ground and applied himself to his work.

But he worked in a dreamy, mechanical fashion. He handled dangerous drugs in a careless, reckless way. A slight error and thick poisonous fumes rose from the crucible. He gasped for breath. He rose and staggered towards the door. The knot of ribbon caught his eye. He passed a moment to pick it up. That pause gave the gas the mastery. It rushed upon him like a thing of evil. It laid him senseless on the floor.

V.

Was it a dream?

Over him there seemed to bend a girl. In her eyes were tears. Her hands caressed his hair. Her lips were pressed to his brow.

Upon his ears there fell piteous words, beseeching words, loving words that made his pulses tingle with rapturous joy.

He rubbed his eyes and tried to rise. The girl assisted him. Eagerly she asked him how he felt. She brought him a glass of water. He drank.

"Could it be true, all this?"

"Millicent," he said, half doubtfully.

"Yes."

"It is you, really you?"

And again she said "Yes."

"What has happened?" he asked. "Have I been asleep?"

"Asleep," and a sob half smothered the word; "you have been nearly asleep for ever. I found the door fast. I looked through the window, and saw you lying on the floor. I smashed the glass and climbed through. See, I cut my hand."

"But I thought you were on the river with Jack."

"I have been."

"And—and he has spoken to you?"

"Spoken to me?—no."

"He meant to."

"I'm glad he didn't."

"You don't care for him?"

"Not in that way."

There was a pause. Then she gave a little cry and bent forward.

"Why, my bow!" she cried. "How did it come here?"

"I—I found it," he stammered.

"You?—but you said—"

"Millicent," he said, quickly, "I want to ask you something. When I lay on the floor I thought someone bent over me and—and kissed me. I suppose it was a dream."

She bent her head.

"Millicent, was it a dream?"

She raised her eyes slowly. She looked at him just for a moment.

That was quite long enough.

"FROM LOWEST PLACE."

Men Who Began Life Poor and Became Rich and Famous.

Books about "self-help" somehow have on many people an irritating effect. You feel after reading them that no one has any chance of succeeding in life who did not begin as a cowherd or a cab-tout. Numbers of highly-educated men have dropped out of the race in sheer despair, because they could not say proudly that they had acquired all their knowledge in the intervals of hoeing potatoes.

"Stories of Self-Help" (Partridge), makes one feel very depressed. Millionaires and famous people all seem to have begun so very low down. Lord Strathmore, for instance, was a clerk with the Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company; Lord Mount-Stephen began life as a draper's apprentice. The Rev. John McNeill, the famous preacher, earned his living once as a railway porter. (Shouting the names of stations was good practice for preaching.)

Mr. Andrew Carnegie tried several employments before he decided to be a millionaire. He was, for instance, a telegraph boy, and he worked for a time on the railway. But millionaire-ing was more profitable.

Sir William Arrol, whose firm built the Fort Bridge, had no money, and at nine years old went to work in a mill. By all the probabilities Samuel Smiles, the "Apostle of Self-Help," ought to have had much the same history. As a matter of fact, he was educated rather well. We are sorry to say it, but this lessens our respect for Dr. Smiles.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

AN OUTSPOKEN VICAR.

I see you have quoted the Rev. H. A. Mason's monthly message to his parishioners of St. Stephen's Church, Bow, in which he says:—"Women go to the altar on their wedding morning with a lie upon their lips, never intending to fulfil the duty of wife or motherhood. I was for years one of Mr. Mason's congregation, and I am surprised that such a man should make such an unmanly and degrading attack upon woman's honour. In my opinion he has thoroughly disgraced the clothes he wears."

H. T. RUSTON.

49, Drayton-road, Tottenham.

LARGE FAMILIES.

Judge Emden says he has "no pity for bachelors," and Mr. John Burns condemns "celibate vagrants." They will have Christianity down on them. Our Lord and St. Paul were both bachelors, and Christ admitted that he was a vagrant who had "not where to lay his head."

G. L. MACKENZIE.

47, Muschamp-road.

In to-day's *Daily Mirror* I read that Judge Emden has "no pity for bachelors," and I echo the remarks of "Physician to the Poor."

If we all kept single for, say, ten years there would be enough bread to go round and to spare. If we go on increasing at the present rate, and inventing labour-saving machinery, I dread to think of the result.

CICIL WELSHANK.

Bristol, Nov. 10.

THE DEFENCES OF MALTA.

Your correspondent "Flat Foot" is correct. I know our Mediterranean defences well, having been gunnery instructor at Gibraltar recently.

I have written to "Old Gannet" at Plumstead, offering him information on receipt of his card. Junior Army and Navy Club. VARIQU.

"SAVAGE IRELAND."

I regret Mr. Corrigan ignores the very many brutal outrages committed in my unhappy country, and by a people professing to be Christians.

Nothing like it can be produced in any other so-called civilised country. AN IRISH METHODIST. Liverpool.

THE LATE DAN LENO.

In reply to Mr. Davey's letter suggesting that a home be founded in memory of Dan Leno, I beg to point out that such a home is, and has been for some few years past, in existence. Poor "Dan" took a very keen interest in it, and was president for a considerable time.

Should Mr. Davey or any other of your readers feel disposed to subscribe, the committee would be very thankful.

J. J. FAUX, Secretary. Music Hall Home, Wilson-road, Camberwell.

A LITTLE SERMON.

By the Rev. CANON SCOTT HOLLAND.

I call Heaven and Earth to witness against you. I have set before you to-day Life and death—the blessing and the curse—therefore choose Life.—Deut. xxx. 19.

What are we all here for on this struggling earth? What is the end for which we live? What is the standard by which we shall be tried, each in turn?

We are here to achieve, to fulfil a task, to have done something well, to attain a goal. A noble and inspiring ideal. But even the elect can achieve but little here on earth, poets, artists, reformers, prophets never attain what they aim at, they breathe themselves in struggling after an ideal hopelessly remote. This earth can never have been made for attainment. This life is not complete in itself, not by what we achieve or are judged by but by what we fail to do, by what we leave unfinished.

What then is the answer to our question? What is it that one and all of us are here on earth to do? We are here to make a choice! Our life's value will be judged by the Choice we make.

We are anxiously looking round amid the welter of London for men of character—men who can be counted upon to be straight, loyal, real, true, pure. Alas! how London sets itself with all its terrible force to break down character.

Wealth, luxury, are the destruction of character. That is why character is so nearly perishing out of some of the rich at the West End. Poverty, too, is the destruction of character. That is why the true workman dreads like poison, dreads like death, the terror of being out of work. To be unemployed is to suffer damage to character.

It is because of this peril that it becomes a matter of public responsibility, of national well-being, to see to it that the true workman in a time of depression is saved from this first peril. God grant us the courage and the wisdom this winter to come to the rescue of human character, our one imperial asset, our one and only qualification for the City of God.

Take your responsibility, fling yourselves over on to the right side, choose truth, choose purity, choose brotherly kindness, choose mercy, choose Life.

A MIRACLE-WORKER.

Marvellous Stories of a Church of England Clergyman's Power.

THE LIFE OF FATHER IGNATIUS. By the Baroness de Beretock. Methuen. 16s. 6d. net.

This is a refreshing book, which reminds one of some life of a mediæval saint, full of the miracles and prodigies which accompanied all mediæval saints, but are granted so rarely to the modern ones.

In the preface Father Ignatius says: "As to the supernatural events recorded, I desire to say that whether the reader believes the statements regarding them or does not believe them, it is no concern of mine. People will believe them or not, as they are taught of God."

In everything Father Ignatius relied upon some supernatural help.

Once he had a miraculous escape from death. He had felt faint, and had been given a glass of poison in mistake for brandy. Everybody but Father Ignatius was panicked. Everybody wanted to see him die. He had taken "enough laudanum to kill twenty people." There was a terrible pause. Then the Father said, "Not only has that deadly draught done me no harm, but it has been allowed to do me good. All trace of faintness has passed."

An even more miraculous event was the Father's restoration of a builder who had been terribly crushed by an enormous crate of stone. "When

Our New Serial.

You Can Begin this Story To-day.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

Author of
By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

FOR NEW READERS.

This story deals with the scheming of a number of people directly and indirectly connected with Sir Alanson Gascoyne, a young Judge of the High Court. The reader soon learns that the friendship of the Judge's beautiful young wife with a certain Dick Deverill is open to suspicion; but the interest at the present point is centred upon Gertrude Gascoyne, the Judge's sister, who has rejected a certain Brasser, a great financier. Gertrude's heart is given to an undesirable—one Hugh Mordaunt—and a friend is anxious to marry her to Mr. Brasser. Brasser's great wealth is in danger from the scheming of an aristocratic rascal named Somerton, who has Brasser's defaulting secretary, Beatrice Skerrett, in his power. They are seeking to lure Brasser to South America in quest of a quarry of onyx marble of immense value, intending, in his absence, to distribute his wealth by means of a flaw in the law (not yet revealed).

Other characters are Lady Chetnoles, styled by her friends "The Major," an actress of her height; and Mr. Mordaunt, a botanist, who has discovered the onyx marble. Jane Brown is Lady Chetnoles's discharged maid, a victim of Brasser many years ago, whose son went into the financier's office ignorant of the fact that Brasser was his father, and is said to have died as a result of overwork and disappointment caused by Brasser's cruel injustice. Miss Elton is the daughter of a dead money-lender, who holds the secrets of many people, and is trying to be of service to Gertrude Gascoyne.

CHAPTER XIV. A Chance in Life.

Hughie Mordaunt lounged lazily up Park-lane, looking at the names of such few houses as were named and at the numbers of such few as were numbered. He smiled indolently as he stopped at last in front of one of the smaller mansions, shining brilliant white in its new coat of paint, and adorned at the foot of every window, in each successive storey, with the gleaming red of geraniums in profuse flower.

An Armenian servant, not in livery, answered to his ring.

"I am asked to call and see the manager," he said in a lazy tone.

He was led in the silent deference through a richly-furnished hall into what might have been a City office.

An alert clerk conducted him into the private office of that mysterious "manager," whose name never appeared at the foot of those terrible letters which from time to time reminded young spendthrifts that the day of settlement had come, and which dashed their hilarity for at least one evening.

Mr. Gillespie—he really had a name in private life—had been an able provincial bank manager, who had known how to control everybody's finances except his own. After he had allowed an extravagant wife to plunge him so hopelessly in debt that his head office had heard of it, he had suddenly found himself without a position and in the bankruptcy court. Mr. Gillespie had learned his lesson after a period of instructive starvation, and was happy in accepting a good salary, and in doing his duty thoroughly in Elton's employment. He and his wife were people of great importance in their suburb, where he was believed to be connected with some great financial institution in the City. He had steered himself thoroughly to the half-contemptuous manner with which he was approached by most debtors. The veiled insolence with which the most arrogant Guardians pleaded for time or for more money, never affected his business judgments.

"Please take a seat, Mr. Mordaunt," he said, pointing to a chair. Then he whistled through a tube, and told somebody, in some far-off region of the house, that Mr. Mordaunt was there.

"I suppose," said the latter, in his most indolent tone, stifling a yawn, "that I can renew on the usual terms?"

"I can't tell you," answered the manager. "Your matter is under the personal consideration of the executrix. Her instructions were that she would see you herself."

"What a ghastly idea," said Mordaunt blantly. "Is she going to run the show on her own?"

"She does not, as a rule," said Mr. Gillespie, in a manner which implied reproof, "see her clients in person."

"Why am I an exception?" asked Mordaunt, carelessly.

"Probably she will tell you that. I do not know."

The servant came at this moment, and politely asked the visitor "if client," meaning he should be called, in deference to the practice of the establishment—to follow him.

This "client" got quite unreasonably angry as he was led up a marble stairway covered with a carpet which he knew must be one of the prizes of the Orient.

"It's rubbing it in," he said to himself, "this

insolent display of splendour to a poor devil who's paying 60 per cent. for a few sovereigns."

As the drawing-room door was thrown open he saw a mental picture of what he called the Oriental harpy. The seamed and withered hags and witches of the "Arabian Nights" came back to his mind, and that is why he stood stock still and stared when he saw Miriam Elton. His indolent indifference was started completely from him. The exquisite little figure in black bowed to him with a grave severity, then to the white on the original Louis Quinze table at which she was sitting.

Mordaunt, left to himself while her pen scratched over the page, stared about the room with a curious interest, his eyes each instant returning to the girl in mourning. She seemed to him, with one exception, to be the prettiest human being he had ever looked upon. This room, with its rich and tasteful furniture, was one of the most beautiful he had ever seen.

At last Miss Elton finished her letter. She turned and looked at him.

"Your note is overdue, Mr. Mordaunt," she said.

"Quite impossible," he answered, promptly, "to discuss that with you. Let me arrange that with the manager."

"Is it worth while?" she asked. "The amount is so small."

"That wasn't my fault," answered Mordaunt, laughing. "I wish it had been five times as much. I could have paid that just as easily as I can pay this five hundred."

Miss Elton's large eyes were fixed upon him with a cold disapproval, with a calm scrutiny, which amused him very much. Miss Elton's his dropped over her eyes as she flushed and made a movement of impatience.

The young lady, in fact, was feeling very uncomfortable indeed. She had a thorough technical and theoretical knowledge of the details of money-lending. She had also, from her father's remarkable system of bookkeeping, in which human character was set out with the precision of a ledger account, a very unusual knowledge of the faults and frailties of mankind. It was one thing, however, to study these details in the seclusion of one's own room; it was quite another thing to pursue the human document itself, to attempt to apply to the living being the knowledge which was derived from the written page. Mr. Mordaunt, to own the truth, was the first "client" with whom the highly original young lady had come into personal contact.

She had pictured him as one utterly careless and listless, one who was indolently slipping down hill as fast as he could slip, stretching out his hand to grasp a projecting bush, making no effort to plant a foot firmly in some fortunate niche. She had expected weakness, a whining appeal, to which she should ultimately yield in the most gracious way, and in such a manner as entirely to conceal her motive.

She found herself, however, confronted by a very tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking man, whose eyes could still gleam with a lazy amusement, notwithstanding their weary lack of lustre; whose face was still attractive, in spite of certain deep-cut lines which told their own story.

"Quite absurd, ridiculous," he said with a broad smile, after a pause, "for me to discuss the matter with you, Miss Elton. Why, I had arranged to pitch a tale that would move the heart of a crocodile. I should hate to be deprived of a chance to try it on your manager. It's a work of art, I can assure you."

Miss Elton bit her lip angrily.

"It doesn't seem to realise," she cried laughing, "that I have the sole power here. If you insist on experimenting with my manager, pray do so. I have only to say through the tube, as you are going downstairs, that he must require immediate payment. Your attempt will fail."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't mean to offend you, really, Miss Elton. I didn't quite realise, in fact. The situation is a little odd, you'll admit that. Give me a minute to get used to it."

Mordaunt had a remarkable magnetism of manner. Miss Elton began to understand what had previously been a mystery. From the character of this man, as she had read it in her ledger, she had not been able to make out why Gertrude Gascoyne, in the last moment of their interview, had whispered his name in her ear with a pleading accent which could not be mistaken.

"I should think you would be ashamed, Mr. Mordaunt," she cried, with a daring severity that surprised herself. "If this matter is not arranged here, now, to-day, unless some friend comes forward on your behalf, the result will be bankruptcy."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's been marching towards me for some time," he answered indifferently.

"Oh," she cried indignantly, forgetting timidity now, in her not indignant; "you, a young man, with good health, with the world before you, with an education, a member of the Bar—"

Mordaunt had reddened slightly under the earnestness of the severe rebuke, but he smiled somewhat constrainedly at her reference to the Bar.

"You seem to know much about me," he said; "perhaps you know that my being called to the Bar was one of those pleasant fancies that we go

through for some reason or other. I have never had a brief, I have no chambers."

"No," she cried, "you've never even made a pretence at using your talents. You speak of bankruptcy as you would speak of looking forward to an uncomfortable dinner. You see yourself in the 'Gazette' for a paltry sum—under two thousand pounds. Your debts are not large enough to give dignity to failure."

She had touched him on the quick there. He lost his air of gay indifference beneath the withering scorn of this innocent-looking girl in black, who seemed to know everything of his affairs and of the course which the law would take.

"You have a small estate," she flamed. "It has come down to you intact through a long line of honourable ancestors, proud of their name, their unblemished reputation. They made sacrifices, perhaps, to keep the ancestral acres. For what—that you might let it go under the hammer for half its value, because you have drifted into a few hundred pounds of debt? You—"

"Miss Elton," interrupted Mordaunt, sitting upright, and looking at her with angry eyes, "permit me to remind you that I called here at the request of your manager to see him about a matter of indebtedness. I was not asked to attend Sunday school. Kindly reserve your lectures for those who will appreciate them."

Miss Elton preferred this manner to the previous jesting one. She needed, however, once more to recall the pleading tones in which his name had been uttered by Gertrude Gascoyne to keep her from bowing this intractable debtor from the room. Now that she had made him serious at last she tried him on another tack.

"It is not fair to me—to give me the expense and annoyance of making you a bankrupt for this trifling sum."

Instantly he relapsed into something of his first manner.

"There, I knew it, Miss Elton," he said. "Why didn't you leave me to your manager? I shouldn't have minded in the least saying to him, 'I haven't a rap in the world, you'll have to sell up the estate. Do it as quietly and as quickly as you can, and I'll give you as much money as you want for all charges.' It would be a fair proposition to a man, Miss Elton," he continued, laughing. "I shouldn't care whether he liked it or not. I can't make the same suggestion to you, so I've got to go through with it myself. Now, give me three months. If I haven't paid the place privately by the end of two I'll put it up to Tokelhouse Yard without reserve. I'll give you a new note, of course, for ninety days, with the customary interest added."

Miss Elton looked at her watch.

"Thirty-five minutes, Mr. Mordaunt," she said. "It has taken me that time to convince you that I am a young lady of business. Why not have come to the point at once?"

"It took me some time," he answered, almost contemptuously, "to realise that a young lady of your appearance—"

She put up a little hand as though to ward off a blow. He stopped instantly.

"You don't care," she cried; "you really don't care that your father's home, the place where you were born, where your parents died, should be sold?"

"My feelings," he answered stiffly, "cannot interest you. I have made my proposition. It is for you to take it, or to bring an action, make me a bankrupt, and sell up the place yourself."

Try as hard as he would, Mordaunt could not avoid betraying some feeling. He thought he had steeled himself for some months to the inevitable catastrophe, but this remarkable young lady had somewhat unnerved him. Miriam was delighted to note that tremor in his voice. She was certain now that she would be able to carry out that promise to Gertrude Gascoyne which this man was making it so difficult for her to perform. She knew well that for some months she must avoid the appearance of doing a kindness. She had devised a way for saving Hugh Mordaunt without exciting in him a suspicion that she had other motive than her own interests.

"I have had the property valued," she said calmly, ignoring his indignant glance, "and I am of the opinion that I must lose some money if my plan is carried out. I have thought out a plan that will save me from loss, if you care to consider it."

"Good heavens!" he said, starting up and showing at last without disguise, his truer self. "Can you show me a way to save the old place, Miss Elton? I'll do anything, try anything, if I shall be helped to see it go—I own it. I shall always be grateful to you."

"You will owe me no gratitude," she answered coldly, secretly delighted. "I make the suggestion for my own sake. I shall not mind if it helps you incidentally. I am bringing actions against some debtors, for large amounts in some cases. A list of them. I shall instruct my solicitors to put your name on the briefs. You will be able to pay me out of your fees, or, at any rate, very much to reduce the debt."

Did she realise, thought the astonished man, that she was giving him his chance in life?

Then his eye ran idly over the list of debtors. It was headed by the name of one whom he hated.

"I could not do it," he answered slowly. "Mr. Deverill, for instance—I am astonished to find that his name is here. He and I were boys together, his property touches mine. Oh, no, I could not act as counsel in a case of this kind in which he was defendant."

"But the others?" cried Miriam Elton eagerly. "It would not be fair to you."

"I am a barrister only in name," he answered mournfully.

"Become one in fact," she exclaimed.

(To be continued on Monday.)

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INEXPENSIVE AND PRETTY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

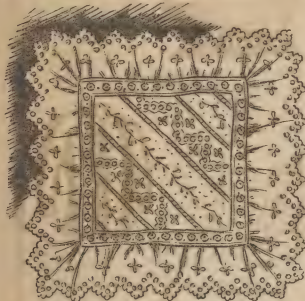
FOR INDUSTRIOUS FINGERS.

DAINTY AND ACCEPTABLE HOME-MADE OFFERINGS.

The approach of Christmas make those fortunate women who take a pleasure in needlework—and, happily, they are increasing in numbers very perceptibly now—eager to procure new ideas that may be carried out to form pretty presents for their friends.

A Present for Baby.

Pillow shams are being given quite a new vogue, and the latest and daintiest are those made for babies' cots and perambulators. To make the



A pillow-sham made of open lace and solid embroidery.

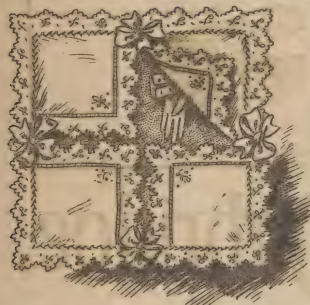
sham shown in the first column of this page sew together diagonally and alternately strips of insertion of two patterns, one of open and one of what is called solid embroidery, until a square seventeen inches by seventeen inches is formed.

This is placed the centre of the pillow, and round it is sewed another strip of insertion, the whole being finished with a full flounce of embroidery. It is needless to remark that, though embroidery executed by hand will be more highly valued by the recipient than that of the bought variety, nothing can exceed in beauty the lovely specimens to be purchased now, and when time is an object these must necessarily be acquired.

The Globe-Trotter's Gift.

A shoe-bag makes a particularly useful present for the globe-trotter, and the one illustrated in the first column will look very well if it is made of a piece of blue and white bed-ticking, twenty-six inches long and nineteen inches wide; two more pieces will be required eight and a half inches in length and thirty-three inches wide, and one nine and a half inches wide and five inches in length.

Measure a space ten and a half inches wide in the centre of the piece nineteen inches wide, and put pins to mark the measurement. Measure down both the outer sides a space of eight inches in length, fold from these marks up to the pins previously placed, and cut off the ticking along the lines of this fold. Bind these pieces with blue



Glove-case composed of lace-edged handkerchiefs.

braided, which may be decorated by hand with cross-stitch executed in crewels, or be left plain, as desired.

Next put a pin two inches from the end of one of the long strips and measure seven inches; fold it to make a box-pleat three inches in width, the edge of the fold coming to the pin. Tack these down on both sides. Then measure two inches from the other end of the strip and make another box-pleat. Next pin this to the edges of the nineteen-inch-wide piece and put the remainder of

the fulness into two more box-pleats to fit the space beneath.

Proceed in the same way with the second strip, then tack the first strip firmly upon the nineteen-inch-wide piece just above the row of embroidery at the bottom and the second one above the two rows, and execute a row of machine stitchery done in blue cotton between each box-pleat. Tack the semi-circular piece an inch from the top and stitch round the curved portion. The straight line is the top of a pocket that is intended to hold a pair of stockings. Finally, with blue braid bind the whole of the outside of the piece to which the strips are attached, and on the upper corners and in the centre sew brass rings so that the shoe-bag may be hung up in the cabin or bedroom.

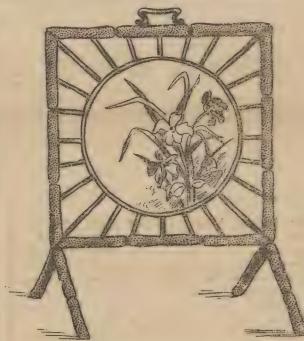
Anyone who possesses a bamboo screen that has seen its best days can renew it and make it into quite a pretty present, or it is possible to buy a skeleton screen of this description. The model that is shown in the second column has for its centre a child's wooden hoop covered with any material that is liked, and joined to the bamboo part by means of strong cord carried through brass eyelet-holes. The centre of the frame is filled in with a piece of embroidery executed on satin.

Capital gifts can be made of the dainty little lace-edged handkerchiefs now sold, and as these presents have the merit of being very quickly put together they shall be made the subject of a special mention.

A Scent-lined Sachet.

If the handkerchief and glove set of the first column is to be copied, one handkerchief should be cut into four pieces and placed on a second handkerchief, with the corners meeting in the centre. Hem or feather-stitch the edges, then take a piece of wadding the size of the space inside and sprinkle it with sachet powder. Cover this with silk or satin, slip it into its place, and finish the pretty little sachet with ribbon bows.

To make the pin-cushion of the third column run a drawing-string in a circle two inches from the sides of a handkerchief. On the line of this drawing-string sew small brass rings crocheted over with white silk or ivory ones left uncovered. Place the cushion in the centre, draw the handkerchiefs into position, and fasten it. Then run a piece of white satin ribbon through the rings and make a



Bamboo screen centred by a needlework design.

small bow at each corner. A pin-cushion three inches high and six in diameter should be used, and the top should be covered with white lawn to which the handkerchief. In the third column is shown a bib made of one handkerchief edged with pretty lace.

A BABY'S CRY.

HEALTHFUL EXERCISES FOR THE CHILD.

Exercise is no less important in infancy than in later childhood. An infant gets its exercise in the lusty cry which follows the cool sponge of the bath, in kicking its legs and waving its arms about. A lusty remonstrative cry is a good index of the youngster's vitality, and always demonstrates that the mite is very much alive. Through these means lung expansion and muscular development are increased, and the general nutrition of the infant promoted.

An infant's clothing should be such as not to interfere with its form and exercise. Infants who are old enough to creep or stand usually take sufficient exercise unless they are restrained. At this age they should be permitted to do whatever their fancy inclines them to do. Every facility should be allowed them for using their muscles freely. Exercise may be encouraged by placing upon the floor in a warm room a mattress or a very thick blanket and allowing the infant to roll and tumble upon it at will with its toys.

Among older children every form of outdoor exercise should be encouraged, though the amount allowed to delicate children should be regulated with some degree of forethought. It may be carried to the point of moderate muscular fatigue, but never to exhaustion.

MODISH OBSERVATIONS.

LEAVES FROM FASHION'S NOTEBOOK.

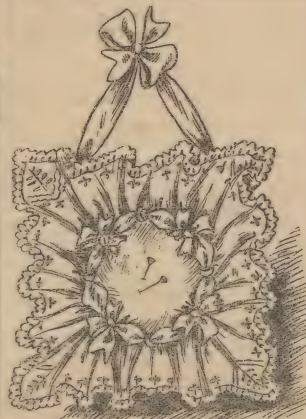
There are few who are not on the look out for the newest things in fashion's field, and to those who want novelties there is this to be said.

Don't be bizarre. Don't go to extremes. Unless you have an enormous allowance for dress, do not buy extraordinary novelties, which will probably be in bad taste, to begin with, and will soon go out of mode.

A novel feature, and one that will hold its own, is the ribbon rose. Ribbon and chiffon roses are worn on hats, on bodices, on yokes, and on evening sashes.

Belts are spade-shaped in the front, and some show two big brass buttons at the back, while many of them have four of these buttons placed two inches apart.

Belt buckles are as handsome as one can afford. But in spite of the great array of jewelled ones,



A lovely hanging pin-cushion made of handkerchiefs.

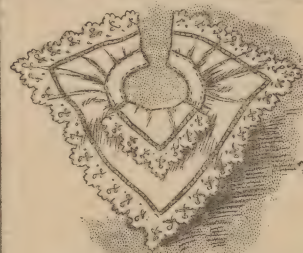
there is a tendency to return to the neat tailor-made harness buckle of gold and of silver. This harmonises well with everything.

After many seasons of mediocrity, the leather belt has come into great prominence again. There are lovely leather belts as well as belts of kid, suede, oze, and of rough leather with the hide on it. Little turn-over collars are made to match these belts, and there are also cuffs.

One of the prettiest of fashion's frills is the lace cuff. This consists of a triangular piece of lace beautifully finished round the edge. It is sewn to the sleeves just as lace cuffs were worn in olden days.

Little lace sets are very neat. There are three pieces; a strip for the neck with its tiny lace point at the back, and triangular pieces for the cuffs. They are fastened on the top of the silk cuff with fancy pins.

The winter blouses are lovely. One pretty one is trimmed down the front in a lattice design by means of ribbon. The same lattice is employed upon the tops of the sleeves, the cuffs are also lat-



This bib for a baby shows another way in which handkerchiefs may be turned to good account.

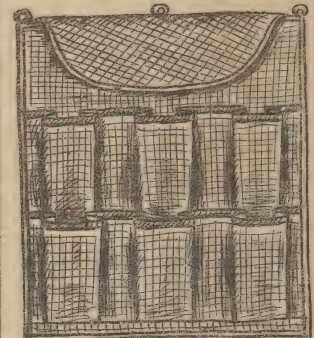
ticed, and the stock is made of white silk latticed with narrow black silk ribbon. The rest of the shirt is made of nun's veiling.

There is really no limit to the figured and flowered silks that are seen. One of the handsomest is a black satin, upon which are big straggling roses of enormous size, ragged in outline, and supplied with big green leaves. The material looks more like an upholsterer fabric than a dress one, yet it is to be very fashionable for evening cloaks and rich bridge gowns.

Orchid pink is very handsome for evening wear, and particularly is it suitable for dinner dresses. It looks well trimmed with bands of rose bordered with pipings of black.

CHINESE GEMS.

The extravagances of Chinese life are manifested in the jewels the Chinese wear—the jade, amethyst, rose quartz, and pearl charms, the wonderfully jewelled hairpins and head ornaments, and the long, curving covers for the finger-nails, jewelled from base to tip. The Chinese have the Oriental love of a jewel for its colour value alone. A flaw in the crystal, an irregularity in the pearl is nothing



Boot and stocking bag, to be suspended on a cabin wall.

to them, and their rows of large, irregular rubies, amethysts, pearls, and jade are irresistibly charming.

The Chinese cannot or will not clamp a stone fast in claw settings. Every stone, every pearl is pierced and strung. The large stones are tied down in this way to flat settings, and the seed pearls framing each such stone are strung and laid round it like a rosary frame.

Baroque pearls for long enough had their only regular market in China, but now all the world vies with the secluded Chinese bazaar in making ornaments of quaintly-shaped pearls.

Force

with poached eggs.



OFFERED 10,000 HANDSOME MARMOT

SABLELINE STOLDS.

with chain, a pretty brown, natural height for in style of illustration, 4 tails, satin lined, to match. HALF PRICE. 4/6. BARGAIN CATALOGUE OF GARMENTS, RUGS, CURTAINS, LINENS, SHIRTS, etc. POST FREE.

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F. HODGSON and SONS (Dept. D.L.R.),
Manufacturers and Merchants,
WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons."
SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

Nestle's Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious." LANCET

"Equally suitable to Invalids and Old People." MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

Fels-Naptha

improves fast colours; and, generally, don't run what water alone don't run.

Shrinks woollens but little; leaves them soft.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

All England is Asking!
All England is Asking!!
All England is Asking!!!

Can Women Cook?
Can Women Cook??
Can Women Cook???

Mr. T. McDONALD-RENDLE replies in this week's

London Opinion

Conducted by
A. Moreton Mandeville

Price One Penny. — 40 Pages. — On Sale Everywhere.

A USEFUL PRESENT.



A pair of Superior-made MILITARY HAIR BRUSHES, with strong rivetted backs in Polished Hard Wood, fitted in Solid Leather Case, beautifully lined, with Monogram on outside in 18-ct. Gold (any letters), only 5/6 the Pair, post free. They are genuine bargains, honestly worth double the money, and can be thoroughly recommended by The Imperial Supply Stores, Contractors to His Majesty's Imperial Government, 4-12, Crampston-st., Walworth, London.

Are You Insured Against All Casualties?

If Not, Why Not?

You can now obtain a Policy indemnifying you Against

ANY AND EVERY SICKNESS

(not a limited number of diseases only)

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ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

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DIRECT TO YOU, POST PAID.

Our whole aim is to build up a personal connection by giving satisfaction to every customer. We know that our cigars are better than others at twice the price. To induce you to give them a trial, we make you

THIS OFFER.

No matter how many cigars you smoke from a box, if at any time you feel dissatisfied with your purchase, return the balance to us and we will immediately refund the price of the full box, and the cigars you have smoked are yours with our compliments. This is why the Valdora is called 'the money-back cigar.' *No store will do this for you.*

PRICE LIST.		PER 50.	PER 100.
VALDORA	Explendidos	8/-	16/-
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Do.	Sublime	12/6	25/-
Do.	Invincible	15/-	30/-

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Order your Xmas Supplies now.

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226, OLD ST. Corner City Road, E.C.
 Opposite Old Street Electric Railway Station, C.S.L. & C.G.N. Railways.
Cheapest House Furnisher in the Empire.

The "MARVEL" a Strong Black Enamelled Combination Iron Bedstead, with Double Wire Spring Mattress, Fancy Striped French Overlay, Bolster and Pillow to match. Complete.

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2ft. 6in., 21/-; 3ft., 25/-.

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 ESTABLISHED 62 YEARS.



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OFFERED 5,000

BEAUTIFUL BLACK CARACULA STOLEs,

with Chain, in style of illustration, 4 tails

satin lined, to match; length, 54 inches.

Sale Price, 4/11.

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TO BE GIVEN AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE

On Monday, December 5th, 1904.

**50 UPHOLSTERED
WICKER CHAIRS**
 Value 6/9 Each.

To Advertise this Marvellous Line we are giving away absolutely FREE one to EACH of the 50 Applicants whose letters are opened first on December 5th next. A sample of these chairs is now on view at all our Branches, where Application Forms can be obtained or sent on receipt of 4d. stamped envelope.

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49 and 51, BALLS POND ROAD, Dalston Junction, N.
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 Every Description. New and Second Hand.

Any quantity supplied from 1s. per month.

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10 Per Cent. Discount for Cash.

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**BORWICK'S
THE BEST
BAKING
POWDER
IN THE WORLD.**

WILD LAD WINS LIVERPOOL'S CUP.

Frivolous Objection to Winner Dismissed—Remarkable Wagering.

A SPLENDID RACE.

LIVERPOOL, Friday Night.—One of the most remarkable races ever decided for the Liverpool Autumn Cup was seen this afternoon when Captain Bewick's Wild Lad, in a most exciting struggle, beat Mr. Henning's Flower Seller, and Lord Carnarvon's Vril finished third from Sir Ernest Cassel's Love Charm, who was officially placed fourth.

The winners had to run the gauntlet of an objection on the ground that Saxby had ridden in a foul style, but the Acting-Stewards, Lord Enniskillen, Captain Fetherstonhaugh, and Mr. Frank Alexander, promptly overruled the protest, and, moreover, ordered the 40s bet on the race to be forfeited. It would have met the case if the objection had been filed 450, for there did not seem to be, in the opinion of any impartial spectator, the slightest ground for action.

It is considerably more than a quarter of a century since twenty-two runners have been seen out for the Cup, but in earlier days still larger numbers were chronicled. The wagering on the race was of the most remarkable, and in several places the public was much perplexed. Lord Carnarvon's stables pulled the strings alternately with Vril and Sir Emilion, but sporting folk stuck to the Cambridgehire form, and ultimately saw Sir Emilion scratched, and had a good run for their money with Vril.

Powney's stable, formally stated to be on the eve of dissolution, put up General Croft and dam, with a pair of business men, one of the stable companion, Wild Lad, and that horse started almost as good a favourite as Vril, while nearly twice the rates were offered against General Croft. Lord Derby's stable had their faith destroyed in Airlie when that colt got beaten by Burgundy in the Liverpool St. Leger, so he was scratched.

Lord Derby entertained a large party at Knowsley for the races, and Lord Simon had a number of guests at Clyneth. Several other local magnates also supported the meeting, and among the higher social classes the patronage was, as usual, very good, but the attendance of the general public was remarkably meagre—one of the meanest, indeed, ever seen on a similar occasion at Aintree.

The bad weather probably accounted for this condition of the races, and the rain and damp, with a strong easterly breeze, was rather sticky and not so bad as might have been expected.

I gave the bookmakers adjourned to the pad-candidates saddled. Gahal, the French favourite, was tried the chance of the bookmaker's view, but this day's bookmaker of Little Duck was not taken, and though somewhat quoted at 60 to 1 against, he to 1 could have been seen. The race was won by Black Lad, who was scratched after the start. This Wild Lad was saddled, and the chestnut colt trained to the hour.

The Duke of Westminster relied on the plain-looking Rydal Head. All sorts of rumours were current about the grandeur of the horse. The truth was the filly had thrown a splinter, and was very naturally affected. As a matter of fact, she made no show in the race. Killcavee made a sturdy counter, with the chestnut filly in the fashion coming under the chestnut, and this outsider, a 50 to 1 chance, ran much better than the majority for the greater part of the journey.

The neatly-trimmed Lancashire, on the small scale, was much admired. General Croft attracted little attention, as everyone knew he was not to be seen. The playing second fiddle to Wild Lad. Hammerkop looked in splendid trim, and the natty Catgut seemed in perfect fettle. Hammerkop, who had been on the previous occasions distinguished themselves over the course. So had Scullion, who now wore clothes on the forelegs. Her speed was not to be trusted. Whistling Crow had the going had been sloppy. Winkfield's Charm and Thunderbolt were hoods and blinkers. William's Hill and Kroomstead were not much fancied.

The lot paraded in good time, led by Bachelor's Button, Hammerkop, Whistling Crow, and Vril, and in the center nothing new was discovered. Even Bitters got to the post as well as any of the others. Mandelay was a pit skiffish, and Vril seemed somewhat too fresh. The white flag was hoisted punctually as the lot got marshalled at the barrier, but a tedious delay ensued, owing chiefly to the disinclination of Scullion to face the gate. The upset Mandelay, and on the other side, Vril, gave considerable trouble. In fact, Vril seemed in immediate danger of getting left.

It was after three o'clock when the signal was given, and the tapes went up to a good start. The favourite went on the extreme right, and he lost no time in sending Wild Lad right up among the front division, a position achieved as the troop reached the mile post. Wild Lad, Catgut, and Hammerkop were prominent, and soon General Croft held place, but Killcavee drew clear, and for a good way past the five furlong post kept going in great style, but he could not sustain the pressure, and was beaten a quarter of a mile from home.

Meanwhile, Vril, who had been travelling in first rate form, took command, and when fairly in the straight was overtaken by the chestnut filly. He was tackled on the inside by Love Charm, and immediately afterwards on the whip hand by Flower Seller, and Wild post Love Charm, but first he could not sustain the pressure, and the struggle between the others ended in a head victory for Vril in front of Vril.

Many spectators reckoned Vril rather unlucky, but excuses were really of the first kind.

It was a splendid struggle, and, considering the curved course and the bends, singularly free from accident. No one sort. Powney's stable had not had any luck lately, and the persons chiefly identified with its fortunes were reported to have had a bad time, but we were pleased to know that Captain Bewick won a really good stake over Wild Lad's victory.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

LIVERPOOL.
Ormerod Plate—BELLVOR TOR.
November Hurdle—HARTLEIGH.
Valentine—SINCERITY—NREUS.
Liverpool Nursery—WEDDING RING.
Grosvenor Cup—PHARISEE.
SPECIAL SELECTION.
WEDDING RING.
GREY FRIARS.
THE TWO BEST THINGS.

"The Squire's" double for Liverpool-to-day is as follows:—
Liverpool Nursery—WEDDING RING.
Grosvenor Cup—CYCLADS.

RACING RETURNS.

LIVERPOOL.—FRIDAY.
1.50.—PALATINE PLATE of 150 sovs. for two-year-olds; winner to be sold for 100 sovs. Knowsley Course (five furlongs).
Mr. W. G. Binger's F. by TARPOLIN—SWEET MARE, 6 to 1.
Mr. J. J. Gifford's HONORABLE BEAUTY, 10 to 1.
Mr. J. J. Gifford's HONORABLE BEAUTY, 10 to 1.
Mr. J. J. Gifford's HONORABLE BEAUTY, 10 to 1.

1.50.—CASEL'S DUKE ROYAL, 8 to 1.
Sir A. Cassel's ELEANOR, 8 to 1.
Barbecue (8 to 1), Cafe Noir (8 to 1), Alm (8 to 1), Bellatrix (8 to 1), 1 to 1.
Betting—6 to 1 against Egyptian Beauty, 4 to 1, Cafe Noir, 2 to 1, the second, 1 to 1, the third, 1 to 1, the fourth, 1 to 1, the fifth, 1 to 1, the sixth, 1 to 1, the seventh, 1 to 1, the eighth, 1 to 1, the ninth, 1 to 1, the tenth, 1 to 1, the eleventh, 1 to 1, the twelfth, 1 to 1, the thirteenth, 1 to 1, the fourteenth, 1 to 1, the fifteenth, 1 to 1, the sixteenth, 1 to 1, the seventeenth, 1 to 1, the eighteenth, 1 to 1, the nineteenth, 1 to 1, the twentieth, 1 to 1, the twenty-first, 1 to 1, the twenty-second, 1 to 1, the twenty-third, 1 to 1, the twenty-fourth, 1 to 1, the twenty-fifth, 1 to 1, the twenty-sixth, 1 to 1, the twenty-seventh, 1 to 1, the twenty-eighth, 1 to 1, the twenty-ninth, 1 to 1, the thirtieth, 1 to 1, the thirty-first, 1 to 1, the thirty-second, 1 to 1, the thirty-third, 1 to 1, the thirty-fourth, 1 to 1, the thirty-fifth, 1 to 1, the thirty-sixth, 1 to 1, the thirty-seventh, 1 to 1, the thirty-eighth, 1 to 1, the thirty-ninth, 1 to 1, the fortieth, 1 to 1, 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